

Keith Catrine
The Australian

July 3, 1968


Women's Weekly

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**KNIT
THIS
A-LINE
KIMMER**

—directions
on page 14

**The WORLD'S 21
BEST CAKES**

—16-page lift-out

**ONE PATTERN
FOR DAY
AND NIGHT**

—page 25

**PRINCE ANDREW'S
NEW SCHOOL**

—page 5

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JULY 3, 1968

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OUR COVER

Like to make this A-line skimmer with checker-patterned collar, cuffs, and yoke band? Easy-to-follow knitting directions are on page 14.

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Biologist with a big job ahead

He aims to keep the country unspoilt for your children

By
BARBARA MARTYN

● Dr. Don McMichael brings scientific knowledge and personal enthusiasm to his job as Director of National Parks and Wildlife. Two million acres of land for parks in N.S.W. is not enough, he says.



DR. McMICHAEL: "People must have the opportunity to get away from the constrictions of city life."

"PARK FULL" is a sign that may be hung on Australian parklands in the near future if more land isn't set aside now for nature reserves and recreation areas.

This is the prediction of Dr. Donald McMichael, 36, new Director of National Parks and Wildlife in N.S.W., who sees his first and most important task as the securing of land while it is still available.

"In terms of world standards and our potential needs, we haven't enough land set aside for reserves," he said earnestly. "We've got two million acres in New South Wales now. This sounds a lot of land, but it is only one percent of the total area. The world standard is three to five percent."

Why is this so important? Dr. McMichael believes it is the key to the quality of life.

"People must have the opportunity to get away from the constrictions of city life — to get out and enjoy the freedom and beauty of nature," he said.

"Already the parks around Sydney are becoming crowded. I took my family camping to Wombeyan Caves recently. There were about 90 separate families at the spot where we camped, and there must have been several thousand people in the area."

This might not sound many people for such an area, he explained, but to preserve natural features and also give visitors the necessary feeling of freedom, the number of people using a park should not be too high.

"If the parks are overloaded with people, they will

start to suffer. A 'Park Full' sign would make people appreciate the parks, the need to preserve them, and to have more of them."

Dr. McMichael said the reserving of large areas of land was the only way in which animal and plant species could be preserved for the knowledge and enjoyment of future generations.

Once the land has been secured, he wants to improve the control and management of the parks to the point where people realise how much they contribute to their enjoyment of life.

"We have to build up public appreciation of parks, persuade people to use them properly, and to regard them as something precious that must be preserved for their children," he said.

"Most Sydney people haven't experienced the full values of national parks such as exist in America or Africa."

"Many know the reserves near the city, such as the Royal National Park, but how many know the wild, free beauty of the Warrumbungle National Park, which is a totally different experience?"

"People need not only the recreational parks but strictly controlled reserves where they can 'get away from it all'—get out and enjoy the wildness of nature."

Another part of nature Dr. McMichael is very anxious to preserve is the coastal sea.

"There are a lot of changes occurring along the coastline due to pollution, heavy fishing, etc., and some areas must be preserved, not only for the nature lover but also for the scientist."

"I would like to see a marine park established somewhere on the north coast, with underwater obser-

vation facilities. People shouldn't miss the chance to see the colorful marine life of a sub-tropical region."

A big, gentle man, Don McMichael combines an instinctive love of nature with a scientist's dedication to preservation.

"I don't like unnecessary destruction," he said. "When I was younger, I went hunting with friends a couple of times, but I couldn't see any pleasure in killing animals. Finally, I refused to go again."

DOCTORATE FROM HARVARD

"I don't have fanatically strong feelings against killing animals—controlled killing for food is acceptable, I think, but I just don't see the point in hunting for pleasure. Shooting skills can be tested much more accurately on a target than an animal."

As a boy, Don McMichael was always fascinated with science subjects. When he left school, he joined the Australian Museum as a trainee and began a science degree course at the University of Sydney. He graduated with honors in Zoology and was appointed assistant curator in the shell department of the Museum.

A Fulbright Travelling Scholarship took him to Harvard University, where he got his Master's degree and a doctorate in Biology.

He returned to the Australian Museum and became deputy director.

Through membership of the National Trust, he became interested in the need to preserve Australia's natural beauties, and this interest led him to accept the post of Director of the Aus-

tralian Conservation Foundation last year.

He leaves this post in November to take up his new job.

"When you become a scientist, it can lead to all sorts of interesting associated fields, taking in political and administrative interests and social responsibilities," Dr. McMichael said.

"I still enjoy pure scientific work, but the field of conservation is of such wide social importance that I am very attracted by the challenge."

As Director of the Australian Conservation Foundation, Dr. McMichael has been responsible for such projects as the conservation of the Great Barrier Reef and Norfolk Island.

"Conservation of natural resources is one of the fundamental problems of the world today," he said. "With our numbers increasing so rapidly, there is going to be a tremendous pressure on natural resources in the future."

Now Dr. McMichael is concerned with the conservation of wildlife and areas of natural beauty.

"As a biologist, I have the necessary background for this problem, as conservation of wildlife is primarily a biological problem," he said.

Dr. McMichael said it was hard to say how many Australian animal species were now extinct because of man's thoughtless encroachment on the land.

"But one thing is certain—many species once common have now become extremely rare and are in danger of becoming extinct if nature reserves are not established."

"Effective conservation of wildlife can only be achieved through the conservation of land."

The suggestion that kangaroos should be grazed as a "crop animal," like sheep, is a good one, Dr. McMichael believes.

"This could be the key to the conservation of kangaroos," he said. "Graziers could run both sheep and kangaroos on their properties, which would be a much more productive use of the land."

"Of course, there is justification for preserving the kangaroo species anyway, because of its interest, but if farmers could be taught to regard it as an economic proposition rather than a pest it would be sure to survive."

"The kangaroos would not have to be 'fenced in' or mustered by dogs, but could graze over a large area. Conditions and killing of them would have to be strictly controlled."

"Probably the only reason why this hasn't been done before is that no market was created for kangaroos."

As Director of National Parks and Wildlife, Dr. McMichael should have no trouble finding somewhere to go for his favorite type of holiday — camping in the bush with his wife and two daughters.

Baby Janet is only six months old, but Dr. McMichael finds this an advantage rather than a drawback.

"Babies are easy to take camping, as they stay where they are put; it is when they reach the toddling age, like Susan, who is 2½, that the hard work starts."

What did his wife think of his new job?

"Helen is very happy about it, but as you can imagine, her main concern at present is the conservation of two tiny children."

MISS UNIVERSE ENTRANT

● Lauren Jones, left, 21-year-old honey-blonde, Australia's entrant in the Miss Universe Contest, to be judged in Miami.



Surf-and-sand theme in contest wardrobe

FINDING a national costume to represent the Australian way of life was one of the main problems of 21-year-old Lauren Jones, of Sydney, when preparing her wardrobe for the Miss Universe Contest, to be judged in Miami, Florida.

Lauren became Australia's Miss Universe entrant when she won the Quest of Quests in Sydney last year.

After discussions with the National Travel Bureau and other organisations, Lauren and the Australian organisers decided on a surf-and-sand theme — the most widely

known aspect of Australia overseas — for her outfit.

Colors chosen for the outfit are the Olympic team colors, brightened slightly to look outstanding in the parades. The Australian coat of arms is embroidered in gold thread on the pocket of the dress.

The mini-shirt dress and bloused swimsuit were made in orlon — drip-dry and light — the fabric the designers felt most in keeping with the theme they had chosen.

Lauren's shoes and bag are in waterproof corfam. One organiser said she could almost walk into the surf in the shoes without affecting the material.

Lauren sailed to the United States on the first leg of her world tour won in the Quest of Quests. After the Miss Universe judging, she plans to go to London to stay with a cousin for some months.

At the prospect of competing with 50 to 60 girls from all over the world, Lauren felt excited rather than nervous.

The judging is over ten days, during which judges mix anonymously with the girls, noting appearance, poise, and ability to mix with people.

The girls parade in a regulation bathing suit, supplied by the contest organisers; in national costume, for which there is a prize; then in evening dress. The contest is given national television coverage.

After leaving school, Lauren began an Arts course at Sydney University, intending to become a librarian. She took a year's leave of absence from the course for practical training in a library and became interested in modelling.

When she returned to the University, Lauren found she couldn't cope with fashion and studies, so decided to continue modelling. She can always return to the University to complete her final year.

The Miss Universe Contest is the world's richest beauty contest, worth \$10,000 in cash and approximately \$75,000 in modelling contracts.

Lauren hoped that the win of model agency mite Janette McLeod in the Miss Teen International Quest was a good omen for her, that she, too, could wear the Australian colors to victory.



● Above, in the bloused swimsuit designed for her surf-and-sand-theme contest wardrobe.

● In matching mini-shirt dress, right, with the Australian coat of arms embroidered on the pocket.



Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON.

By
LORAIN BROWN

known aspect of Australia overseas — for her outfit.

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NEXT WEEK

16-page lift-out

500 HOUSEHOLD HINTS from readers

- Beauty
- Cleaning
- Christmas
- Children
- Gardening
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"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"



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AT LAST ALL THE ATZMONS CAN LIVE TOGETHER*



* For half the year, anyway.

● Israeli conductor Moshe Atzmon with his wife, Niza, and two daughters, Roni, 6, and baby Yael.

OVERSEAS visitors have many reasons for liking Australia. Yet none can be so close to the heart as Niza Atzmon's.

To her, Sydney will mean six months of uninterrupted family life with her husband, Moshe, during each of the three years of his appointment as chief conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, starting next year.

In those three years she won't have to celebrate her wedding anniversary alone.

"We will be here from March—the month we were married 14 years ago—until September," said Mrs. Atzmon, a brunette with quiet eyes and a quiet voice that must surely calm all who meet her. "You can say in big letters that I have a soft spot for Sydney."

She was having a preview of Sydney on a two-month visit with her husband, who was here to conduct a series of concerts with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and the Queensland Symphony Orchestra.

When I met her, she radiated happiness. I soon discovered why. Mrs. Atzmon was surrounded by her family.

In one room her husband was studying the score for the evening's concert. In another, baby Yael (pronounced Ya-el) slept peacefully, while sitting close to her mother, soulful brown eyes taking in all that went on around her, was six-year-old ("I'm almost six and a half") Roni.

At the moment Roni wants to be an artist. "When I'm grown up I expect I'll want to be something different," she said with a seriousness beyond her years.

"She draws well," her mother said proudly. "I've just framed one of her pictures. She says it's an owl. It's very modern."

Normally, apart from Christmas and summer—the conductor's unofficial holidays—Mrs. Atzmon counts herself lucky if her husband snatches three days, or even three hours, with his family between concert engagements.

Yet she is philosophical about the constant separations. They are, she

believes, part of her husband's destiny.

"One has to get used to them, and to be happy when he's with us." Her serenity reached her smile. "We waited so long for his success. In the beginning it was a dream, this idea of his being a conductor. We never thought it would be realised. When I am unhappy I remember that."

For Moshe Atzmon, the dream probably began even before he left his native Hungary. That was when he was 12. For his wife, it began 16 years ago in Jerusalem, where she was born.

The pair met at the local music academy; she was studying the piano, he the french horn and conducting. Soon they were going to concerts and studying in the evenings together.

By VALERIE CARR

Inevitably, the friendship, strengthened by their mutual love of music ("I never wanted to be a performer, though," confessed Mrs. Atzmon. "I was frightened, even in exams"), ended in marriage.

"We were married at Haifa, in our second year at the academy. We couldn't afford a proper honeymoon, but I've been promised a long one." She smiled. "I'm still waiting."

They moved to Tel Aviv, where Moshe took a more advanced course for conductors while Niza gave piano lessons.

It was in Tel Aviv—the city the Atzmons still call home—that Moshe took up the conductor's baton professionally for the first time. He combined the last two years of his studies with the conductorship of the Israeli Broadcasting Light Music Orchestra.

When he graduated in 1962, he and Niza moved on again—this time to London (they still live there). He studied conducting at the Guildhall School of Music.

The following year Niza Atzmon spent her first wedding anniversary alone. She didn't complain, because the dream they shared looked like coming true at last.

Moshe came second out of more than 50 contestants in a conducting competition in New York. The prize was \$U.S.3000—a fortune to two people living on a piano teacher's meagre earnings and a Government grant.

"At the time we had one room in a boarding-house in North London," said Mrs. Atzmon. "Moshe phoned me at 11 at night to tell me the news. I remember everyone, including the landlady, was very excited for us, and we had champagne."

"After winning an important prize we thought Moshe would have lots of engagements. That was the sad part of it. You see, it didn't bring any at all."

Later that year he won another conducting contest, and abruptly his luck changed. The prize was not merely cash but concert engagements with three English orchestras, including the London Symphony Orchestra.

"That was the beginning," said Mrs. Atzmon. "Once you've got some engagements, more usually follow."

In 1964 Moshe Atzmon's international career was launched. He conducted the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in the beautiful concert hall at Tel Aviv, the city where he first took up the baton.

The dream was fulfilled.

These days much is written about Moshe Atzmon the conductor. But, according to his wife, he is equally successful at being a husband and father. The only demand he makes in the name of his art is for quiet when he is studying at home.

"Roni is very good," said Mrs. Atzmon. "She has been brought up knowing that there is something different."

But surely a man who found fame before he was 33, who has been described as one of the new generation of gifted young musicians, must be temperamental?

Mrs. Atzmon smiled. "I'd like to meet a woman who would admit that her husband is."

Certainly not someone so loyal and understanding and so well suited to being a famous conductor's wife as Niza Atzmon.

• Prince Andrew, closest to the Queen of her four children, is to leave the shelter of palace life to mix with other boys.

HE'S OFF TO SCHOOL

WAS Cheam a bit too spartan and Gordonstoun's routine too harsh for a royal lad?

Prince Charles, after Cheam, went to Gordonstoun, which his father, Prince Philip, attended before him.

But has the Queen had the last word on Prince Andrew's education and insisted on a school of her choice, not her husband's?

Will Prince Andrew like his schooldays better than Prince Charles liked his?

If he doesn't, it won't be the fault of the headmaster of Heatherdown School, Ascot, Berkshire, where Prince Andrew goes as a boarder in September.

For Heatherdown is a school that goes out of its way to keep schoolboys happy in an atmosphere that is homely, yet ruled with gentle discipline.

It is a school that brings boys up to look forward to Eton. A high proportion of them pass the stiff entrance exam to get there, so the standards of education are high.

And will Prince Andrew go on to Eton from Heatherdown?

The chances are he will, for he is an energetic, cheerful, and bright little boy, quick to learn and easy to handle.

James Edwards, 43, tall, greying at the temples, an all-round sportsman, and the preparatory school headmaster, has plain, old-

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

fashioned ideas of how his pupils should live and learn.

"We like them to dress very much as they would at home," he said. He doesn't like rigid uniform at his school.

"And we aim to turn out a perfectly ordinary, nice boy."

To help make his pupils "ordinary" and "nice," he chooses them from a very wide range of environment.

He is very pleased the Queen has chosen his school, for Prince Andrew is second in line to the Throne, and the child who is said to be closest to the Queen.

"You always feel, when she has him by the hand, that this is 'her little boy,'" said a French newspaper.

Heatherdown School is run on the fairly orthodox lines of an English prep school. It is no forcing house, and when Prince Andrew arrives there will be no special privileges.

"We will pick his form according to his ability," said Mr. Edwards.

Prince Andrew, unlike his brother Prince Charles, has no initial shyness to overcome. He is a bouncy, rather extroverted youngster.

But like all the boys at the school he will get a bit of mothering from the headmaster's wife, Barbara, the 38-year-old daughter of Sir John Hanbury Williams.

She brings a friendly family touch to the whole school, welcoming the boys when they arrive for their long and first weeks away from home, and being on hand for the day-to-day problems.

"One grows very fond of the boys," she said.

She has a daughter, Caroline, who is nearly two, and she is expecting another baby before the September term.

It will not be many terms after that that Princess Alexandra's son, James Ogilvy, will be a new boy. His name was put down shortly after he was born.

Heatherdown is his father's old school, and Alex and Angus haven't had any doubts about the schools for their sons. It's Heatherdown and Eton for James.

Princess Alexandra was at Heatherfield, which is close to Heatherdown.

As Heatherdown has no school uniform, more emphasis is placed on the school color, which is scarlet. The boys wear red caps throughout the year, and in summer black blazers with red piping for sports.

In winter they wear sweaters and corduroy trousers. The authorities don't like too much spit and polish for young boys, and

there is great emphasis on individuality.

"Each child that I have is treated in a different way," Mr. Edwards said. "Some do prep in the evenings, others do not."

"They begin playing games, like Rugby, when they are physically ready, not just when they reach a certain age."

Mr. Edwards also has liberal ideas on corporal punishment.

It depends on an individual boy's character. With some, he believes, corporal punishment could do more harm than good.

"But I'm not totally opposed to it. I use corporal punishment only about three or four times a term—sometimes not as much as that."

Science

He is in favor of the trend now toward very general education.

"We have recently introduced Science into our curriculum. I think this is a very good thing."

Prince Andrew will not be lonely on arrival at Heatherdown, and in this respect he will be luckier than Prince Charles was at Cheam, and many other small boys are.

For Andrew is going along



PRINCE ANDREW, now aged eight.

with James Steel, the eight-year-old who is one of five fellow-students in the Buckingham Palace schoolroom, where governess Miss Catherine Peebles teaches.

It was no surprise to James Steel that he was going to Heatherdown. His father, old-Etonian banker Richard Steel, and mother, Lady Rosemary, had his name down for Heatherdown and for Eton at birth (there is an eight-year waiting list for Heatherdown).

The surprise was that Prince Andrew was going off to Heatherdown with James.

The Queen made up her mind after a visit to the school last term.

Prince Philip accompanied her and they met the headmaster in his elegantly furnished drawing-room before being taken on a conducted tour of the school and grounds.

The school is a large Victorian building—and was designed to be a school.

It lies in 30 acres of parkland, and has a cricket field,

shooting-range, and large swimming-pool.

The final point in the school's favor is that it is only seven miles from Windsor.

Prince Andrew was eight on February 19, and this school of 80 boys takes boys from ages eight to 13.

The fees, at £168 (about \$A360) a term, are among the highest in Britain.

The curriculum includes French, Latin, and Greek (with the addition of Science) taught in eight comfortable classrooms.

By comparison, the dormitories are spartan, and sleep from three to nine boys.

The Prince will be able to take golf lessons and try his hand on the miniature rifle-range.

He can have lessons in the swimming-pool and his own garden allotment if he wishes.

He may not, however, bring his pony to Heatherdown.

But with Windsor so close, and so many free days in a term, he hardly needs to.


HEADMASTER
Mr. Edwards
walks in the
grounds of
Heatherdown
Prep School.



DORMITORY. Two beds at Heatherdown Prep School, where Prince Andrew, seen at right with a polo stick, will be a pupil.

BARBARA EDWARDS (at left) is a new "mother" for Prince Andrew. Wife of the headmaster of Heatherdown Prep School, she makes a point of seeing that the boys aren't homesick.





Everything's coming up softness with new Comfort fabric softener

Here's a fantastic new washing discovery to give fabrics a softness you've never known before. Just rinse Comfort in and it softens everything you've washed. All that harshness that washing powders seem to leave just disappears. In its place — a luxurious softness that's nice to be near. New Comfort Fabric Softener. Try it! You'll be glad you did!



AND Comfort takes the
cling out of nylon . . .



puts a new easy glide
into ironing.



There were fattened ducks, a three-tier cake — and a shuttle airlift for guests.

LEAFY cart, made and drawn by Papuans, took Keith Briggs and his bride to their wedding reception in Awaba.



WEDDING IN THE JUNGLE

IT was unquestionably the social event of the season in Awaba, Papua: the wedding of Australian missionaries Norma Skerman and Keith Briggs.

Drawbacks, like blustery rain, an 11th-hour pursuit of fattened ducks for the wedding breakfast, and a 1600-mile journey for the wedding cake and gowns were mere details.

The wedding was attended by 110 guests, including visitors from three Australian States and about 40 Papuans — some of the latter having their first tussle with knives and forks.

Bride and bridegroom travelled to the reception in a large hand-drawn cart festooned with local vegetation. They left for their New Guinea honeymoon in a defiantly yellow Cessna aircraft.

Keith Briggs was born in Papua in 1939, the son of missionary-engineer Mr. Frank Briggs, but was evacuated at the age of 20 months with his parents, because of the Japanese offensive, and spent his childhood in Melbourne and in Port Stephens, N.S.W.

He returned to Papua as a missionary with the Un-evangelised Field Mission in 1965, three years after his father's death. He supervises the transporting of supplies throughout the district in the mission's two launches; and also spent three months late last year, with a Papuan assistant, building an airstrip on the Aramia River for a new supply distribution centre.

Norma is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Skerman, of "Waverley," Kaimkillenbun, Dalby, Queensland. She was educated at Fairholme Presby-

terian Girls' College, Toowoomba, and at the Brisbane Teachers' College, and taught at Kaimkillenbun and at Miles, Queensland, before completing a two-year course at the Melbourne Bible Institute.

Like Keith, she went to Papua in 1965, and since then has been in charge of high school and teacher trainee girls, whose quarters she shared.

Proxy preparations

Mrs. Skerman made the three-tiered wedding cake, and tended it carefully during her long trip to the wedding with Mr. Skerman. The bride's sister, Mrs. Maurice Bell, of Dalby, made the bride's gown and her attendants' gowns; the sisters have not met for three years.

The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. I. Briggs, of Burwood, Victoria, and the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr.

and Mrs. Neville Skerman, travelled to Awaba for the wedding.

The wedding day was a stiff test for local resources. In a letter Keith describes how those resources rose to the occasion:

"The day before the wedding a local Gogodala man was to bring 12 fattened ducks to be cooked. When Norma saw him, he had only three!

"She hastily contacted other village folk, found some who were willing to sell ducks, and spent a lively morning armed with a fishnet on a hoop chasing ducks round the village to get the quota.

"There are no roads in our swampy area, and our photographer and pilot-chauffeur was to bring vegetables from the Highlands the preceding evening.

"When he arrived he had a sad tale to tell of the market up at Wapenamanda and the loss of our vegetable order.

"He quickly chose what he thought we would need and delivered them at the 11th hour.

"The wedding morning broke wet and windy, and the outlook was none too good for transporting guests from other stations, by planes of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship, by our proposed starting time, 10 a.m.

Aerial ferry

"The three yellow Cessnas buzzed back and forth with reduced loads because of the short, wet Awaba strip; and we were all assembled in the leaf-roofed church by 10.50 a.m.

"From there on, every thing went smoothly as planned."

But the weather had its influence on the reception, too.

"During the final speeches," wrote Keith, "the bride had to leave to change into her going-away suit so as not to delay our plane's departure time and risk being caught in bad weather in the New Guinea Highlands."

The bridal Cessna, flanked by the other two as it flew off, "buzzed" the crowd on the grass airstrip in a final salute before whisking the couple away for their honeymoon at Wapenamanda and the Wahgi Valley of New Guinea.



SKIPPER BRIGGS, above, testing water depth during a river trip; and the newly-marrieds, at left, outside their leafy church. Norma's gown and bouquet were sent up from Queensland.



Dear Polly,

I'm in my mid-thirties, with a good complexion and a fairly good figure. But suddenly I look old! Almost overnight a lot of grey appeared in my dark-brown hair. I'd hardly noticed it, but my husband did — the other morning he called me "Granny". Now that we're speaking again I realise he's right. I look much older than I really am. What can I do about it?

Grey hair can appear, as you say, almost "overnight" (in fact, this is not uncommon, especially if the original hair colour was fairly dark). Fortunately the solution to your problem is quite simple — just ask for Polycolor Cream Hair Tint at your pharmacy or department store. Polycolor Cream Hair Tint No. 41 Medium Brown will cover the grey completely without fuss or bother, and will add life and depth to your own natural colour. Your hair will be softer and healthier, too, because all Poly Hair Cosmetics contain special built-in conditioners. So remember Polycolor Cream Hair Tint — and forget that grey hair.

I have to use a lot of hair spray to hold my hair neatly in place. The style suits me but I hate the heavy flaky build-up I get. Can you recommend a spray that will hold without being obvious?

Poly Spray is exactly what you want. Poly Spray with Luxury Hold is the first truly clean hairspray. It's clean and clear and has a light, quick-fading perfume that never intrudes. You'll find that the light fine spray will hold your hair perfectly, without ever showing. Poly Spray never flakes, and the in-built conditioners actually add health and gloss to your hair.

I want a shampoo which will clean my hair properly without leaving it lank and lifeless afterwards. Am I asking the impossible?

Not at all. In fact new Polyherb Shampoo — which is based on the essences of eleven natural herbs — will do even more. Polyherb leaves your hair shining clean, soft and manageable. At the same time, the herbal conditioners stimulate, strengthen and tone up the hair and scalp, and feed and nourish the hair. With new Polyherb Shampoo your hair will be cleaner and healthier than ever before.

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PUSSY GALORE STRIKES

THE villagers of Digswell, Hertfordshire, waited in dread for the tap-tap-tap in the dead of the night. It meant that the phantom door-knocker was abroad again.

Was it a ghost? They hoped not. A burglar? Not knocking on the door, surely!

It was left to an elderly widow to solve the mystery. She heard the tapping at three in the morning, opened the window—and saw Pussy Galore, the fat old cat from next door.

Pussy's owner, Mrs. Molly White, explained that she taught her pet to knock on the door when she wanted to come in.

For some reason Mrs. White hasn't been hearing Pussy lately, so she has obviously been knocking on other doors.

"She's really a devil," said Mrs. White.

Which is just what the neighbors were thinking.



● According to "German International" newsmagazine, East German border guards recently asked for help from their West German counterparts to free a dog whose leash had become entangled in a bush near the Communist "death strip," a minefield along the Iron Curtain. If men, women, or even children had been caught in the bush they would have been murdered by the East German guards.

COMPACT



MARY BENSON TALKS ABOUT TRAVEL

You should've evesdropped with me the other day at one of our better hotels. Two travel agents were nattering away about Matson Lines Special Family Fares. You know — so that businessmen can take their wives and children with them to Hawaii or San Francisco at fantastic savings.

LIVELY LOOK BEHIND THE SCENES

YOUNG Victorian John Hetherington, 19, who worked on the making of the film "A Matter of Innocence," starring Hayley Mills, told in Brisbane how prop boys surprised actors and made the nightclub scene lively by serving real beer.

What prompted him to tell the story was his pleasure at seeing a picture of the scene on the cover of The Australian Women's Weekly (May 29 issue). It showed the happy enthusiasm of some of the actors.

"Real drink had never been served before," he said. "It was always lemonade for champagne, or ginger ale for beer. But on this particular night the prop boys supplied real beer, and they were liberal with it. No one knew why it was served."

A friend of John Hetherington, by name Lorne Polanski, was the sailor extra doing a swinging kind of dance with Hayley Mills on the cover.

"Lorne wasn't a very good

dancer," John explained, "and we had been trying to teach him in his flat. When the scene came to be filmed he still couldn't dance, and the beer didn't exactly help his co-ordination. This amused Hayley very much."

John was working as assistant to the director, Guy Green, at the time.

Hayley's romantic interest, film producer Roy Boulting, flew in to see her in Singapore for a few days during the filming there.

"He's a smart dresser,"

John said, "but wore a three-piece woollen suit and looked awfully hot all the time."

(But John thought Hayley's expression on our cover was more real amusement at her dance partner's antics than happiness about Roy Boulting.)

"Hayley was very popular," John said. "She's no snob, and got on well with everyone. She is a very nice girl. She also seemed interested in the local people, and tolerant of their viewpoint, which is usually

a big failing of a lot of tourists who go to Singapore."

Singapore has been John Hetherington's home for the past two years. His father, Squadron Leader A. L. Hetherington, is a technical engineer with the RAAF, seconded to the RAF, and



● Our May 29 cover.

Her career is really noteworthy

■ Visiting American soprano Phyllis Curtin (left) expressed disappointment about one facet of her Australian tour.

"Ever since Perth turned its lights on for the first American astronaut, I've wanted to go there and give a benefit performance to show my thanks," the 44-year-old singer said in an interview in her apartment 14 stories above New York's Hudson River.

"Unfortunately, the only concert hall is undergoing repairs and will not be available during my Australian visit. So Perth is out."

Accompanying the opera and concert star on her tour is her husband, Eugene Cook, a well-known American photographer, their six-year-old daughter, Claudia, her 20-year-old niece, and her accompanist.

"Plus about six tons of music and costumes," she said. "The music goes into the aeroplane cabin with us. There'd be no concerts if we lost it. But the costumes have to go as luggage."

Smiling, she added, "I've been very lucky. In 18 years of continual air travel, my luggage has gone astray just once."

Because of her beauty and acting ability,

Miss Curtin has had offers (which she has turned down) to star on Broadway and in Hollywood from such sources as film director Otto Preminger and Noel Coward.

Coward phoned her from London while working on his musical "Sail Away." He was disappointed to learn that the singer was pregnant.

"How terribly careless of you," he murmured as he rang off.

Miss Curtin, who has an operatic repertoire of 70 roles, feels a tremendous commitment to living composers.

"We live in the 20th century and we must try to contribute to our own times," she said. "Modern music stimulates me. The music of the past is beautiful, but I would be bored singing nothing else."

According to Miss Curtin, the career of an opera star is a frustrating, often saddening, way of life.

"I am always on the move, never able to make lasting relationships with people along the way. I like people and I want to know them better. But I'm always leaving for the airport next morning."

at present based at Changi, one of the three big RAF bases in Singapore.

"I lived in a flat overlooking Changi prison," John said, "with my parents and sister Jane, 18."

For a time he also worked as a disc jockey over the Changi RAF broadcasting service. He hopes to join a broadcasting station in Australia, preferably in Brisbane, because by the end of the year his father will have returned to RAAF Base, Amberley, Queensland.

As yet John hasn't seen the screening of the film. "I just missed it in London," he said, "where it was released under the title 'Pretty Polly,' and I missed it again when it was released in Singapore one week after I left. I hope now to see it in Australia."

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Did you know Matson is offering new ports of call — including Melbourne — at no increase in fare? The SS MONTEREY will be in Melbourne on September 5 (Vila on the 13th) and the SS MARIPOSA will be in Melbourne on September 30. Passengers joining the ship on September 30 will see Sydney, Suva and the new port of Nuku'alofa on their way to Matson's other ports of paradise.

Ask your travel agent to help plan your Matson Cruise, or have a chat with the nice people at Matson Lines, by phone or in person.

Matson Lines

A WEDDING ... AND A WEDDING CAKE

By
MARGARET ANN KANDAL

WEDDING (left): Joseph Tanti and his bride, Melvia, after the ceremony. Joseph's sisters, Anne and Carmel, were two of the bridesmaids, and Melvia's sister Miriam the third. Pageboy was David Mizzi.

THE WEDDING CAKE (right) illuminated by tiny lights on the dome and inside. Column-like vases flanking the steps held imitation roses and snowdrops, and the pillars were entwined with flowers.

BELOW: Mr. Frank Tanti with his son Joseph and (then) future daughter-in-law, Melvia Seychell, beside the wedding cake Mr. Tanti made. It is an almost exact replica of St. Mary Mosta Church, Malta, which Mr. Tanti attended as a child.

Picture of wedding by Bill Payne. The other pictures were taken by Keith Barlow.



MR. FRANK TANTI set a precedent when he made a lavish wedding cake for his son Joseph's marriage. It proved such a success to the family's way of thinking that his other three children have already put in orders for theirs.

Mr. Tanti doesn't mind. He has loved cake-making ever since, as a small child in Malta, he used to watch his father conjure up the delightful sweets and ice-cream that made him a specialist. As a confectioner and caterer, Mr. Tanti has made hundreds of cakes, but none to equal the size or magnificence of the one he made for Joseph.

Modelled on St. Mary Mosta Church in Malta, which has the third largest dome in the world, it is the first cake of this type he has attempted.

During his childhood and teenage years, Mr. Tanti visited the church regularly, and he was able to model it from memory.

Helped by his wife and working only at night in their Merrylands home, in Sydney, he completed the decorating in just under a week.

The walls and dome of the church were fruit cake, which alone weighed 100lb., and another 100lb. of icing mixture made a grand total of 200lb.

The front doors of the church were left

open to show the charming setting inside, which was done before the dome was put on. Two lights, disguised by artificial flowers, illuminated the gold-and-white altar, gold candlesticks, white goblet, and six angels.

The artful lighting created an ethereal, almost fairy-like effect. Tiers of scalloped piping around the dome concealed the intricate wiring system, and artificial flowers hid the light-bulbs.

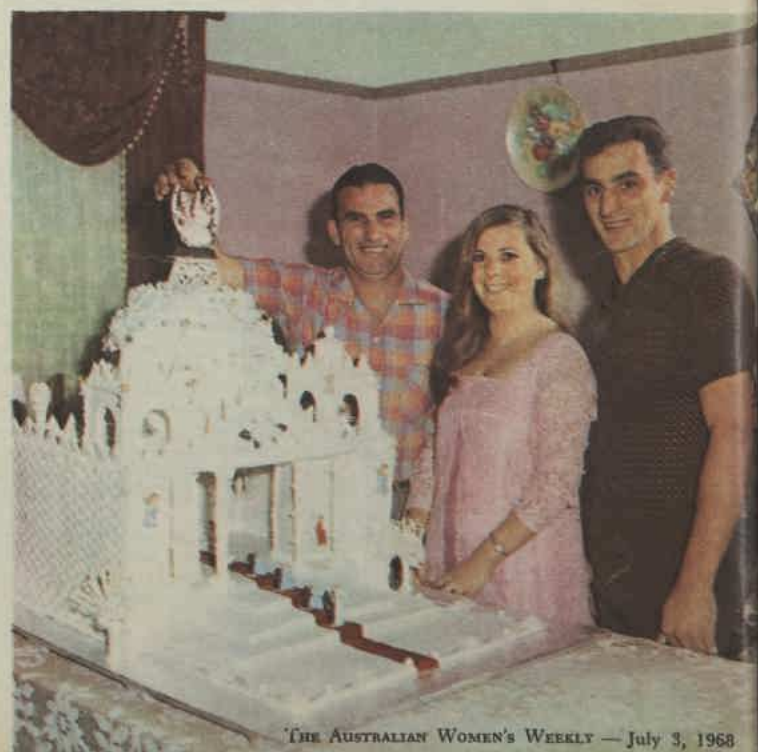
The outside walls were iced in a weaving design to imitate stonework.

Final touches were angels decorating the roof, a silver horseshoe on the dome tip, and the doll bridal party walking down the red-carpeted steps of the church.

It was hard to keep the cake a secret from the bride-to-be, Melvia Seychell, now Mrs. Joseph Tanti. Needless to say, she was absolutely thrilled when she saw it.

Joseph and Melvia were married at St. Patrick's Church, Guildford, N.S.W., and the three bridesmaids were dressed in exactly the same color as the doll bridesmaids on the cake.

Mr. Tanti will soon be designing another wedding cake — this time for his youngest daughter, Carmel, who is to be married in December. And then there will still be another two to make — for his other daughter, Anne, and son, Frank. And then there could be christening cakes, and anniversary cakes, and cakes, and cakes . . .







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AT BALL. Mr. Ross Munn, Miss Robyn Frazer, Miss Sally Kennedy, and Mr. Richard Rawson (left to right) at the Shore Old Boys' Union Ball which was held at the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales.



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

CHATTING with Mrs. Peter Kurer, who had all sorts of tidbits to tell me about the Black and White Committee's "Their Favorite Painting" exhibition on June 28 and 29 at Barry Stern's Gallery. The 60 or so paintings on show all belong to members of the committee, and some of those I particularly want to see are Mrs. Max Sturzen's "Nymph and Cactus," by Sidney Nolan, Mrs. John Paris' "Animals in My Life," painted for her by John Olsen, and Mrs. John Reynolds' painting by Judy Cassab, which the artist gave her as a wedding present. The first night is a gala champagne opening and the second is open to the public.

ALTHOUGH they're hoping for a fine day for their alfresco luncheon party on June 30, it doesn't really worry the Phillip McGuinnesses. Underneath their house at Newport there's an enormous rumpus-room, where they'll set up tables and chairs and serve champagne cocktails to their guests. If it's fine, some tables will go outside on the lawn; if it's wet, the party will stay indoors.

MRS. P. V. CARTER will wear what could be called a "sentimental renovation" to a party at the Union Club on June 28. The party will celebrate her 60th wedding anniversary and her dinner dress for the occasion has been made from the satin-and-lace wedding gown she wore in June, 1908, when, as Miss Marion Charlesworth, of "Cockerham Hall," Barnsley, in Yorkshire, she was married. Mr. Carter will host the party, which will include their two sons, Mr. Keith and Mr. Neil Carter, and their wives, their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Norton, and her husband, their nine grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.



ENGAGED. Miss Fran Merrington and Mr. Stewart Cuddy, who have announced their engagement. Miss Merrington is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Merrington, of Longueville. Mr. Cuddy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Rowley Cuddy, of St. Ives.

RANG Mrs. Tony McGrath to ask if they had decided on a name yet for their new baby daughter and she told me she is to be called Julia after her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Walter McGrath. Julia has a brother and a sister, Anthony and Eugenia.

AND more baby news. Kelly is the unusual name the Colin McGees have chosen for their first child. Mrs. McGee was Velda Mitchell before her marriage.

BUSY time in Sydney for Captain and Mrs. "Spuddy" Spurgeon, who are spending a few days with the Sid Albrights at their home at Darling Point. The Spurgeons have just built a new house on their property, "Fiddlers Green," at Mollymook, and are shopping for lots of little extras.

THE wine-tasting at Douglas Lamb's Cellars in Sussex Street, which precedes The King's School Ball each year, has become quite a tradition. This is the tenth year it has been held. I think it is rather an original idea. Tickets for the ball (which this year is on July 25 at the Wentworth Hotel) are distributed and different parties arranged for the ball night. The wine-tasting (which is on July 2) is always held at the same place. The reason? Douglas Lamb is a former King's School captain.

DATE for your diary... a Dual Happening in the foyer of Her Majesty's Theatre on June 28, arranged by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Ladies' Committee. The two happenings are a reception to meet principal singers, conductors, producers, and designers of the opera company and a showing of Russell Drysdale's "The Cricketers."

BELIEVE the Ian Davidsons returned from their honeymoon cruise in the Kuala Lumpur sporting the most enviable suntans. They were married at The King's School Chapel on June 5. Mrs. Davidson was Helen Sillar.

MY idea of real luxury... and I saw it at the weekend. Mink to wear watching football. One mother watching The King's School versus Scots College had on a wonderful trench coat in black diamond mink over a camelhair skirt and jumper and matching long suede boots. A second mother covered her jumper with a jacket which combined a front and back of wild Russian mink with brown knitted sleeves.

EVERYBODY with whom I speak seems to have just returned or just be leaving for the snowfields. The Leith Myersons are off on July 7 for their annual stay at the Australian Golf Club Lodge at Perisher, where, I'm told, she does a marvellous job as honorary social organiser for those staying there. I liked the sound of her apres-ski outfit, which combines a French off-white wool skirt with a cowl-necked multi-colored top in shocking-pink, mauve, tan, and apple-green.

ANOTHER glamorous outfit I'm hoping to see is Mrs. Monica Read's Courreges three-piece in black velvet and white lame. She and Mrs. Dorothy Reynolds are booked in at The Man from the Snowy River for ten days from July 12.

— Mollie Lyons



ART EXHIBITION. Mr. Basil Capella, United States Consul-General, with Mrs. Werner Mokesh in front of American artist Mario Yrisarry's "Pink Algo" at the Richard A. Madigan Collection of Contemporary Paintings in Farmer's Blaxland Gallery, which Mr. Capella officially opened. The show will close on June 28.



ABOVE: Bridesmaids Miss Margaret Stuart, Miss Barbara Wright, and Miss Lindsay Ryan (left to right) and flowergirl Patsie Hardie looked on while Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Merrin signed the register in the Memorial Chapel of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Pymble, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Sally Hardie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Hardie, of "Stirling," Wallendbeen. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Merrin, of "Fern-dale," near Bethunga.



AT LEFT: Just-engaged Miss Gaya Macdonald and Mr. Stewart Maclean plan to wed at the end of 1969. Miss Macdonald is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Macdonald, of Gordon. Mr. Maclean is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. S. Maclean, of St. Ives.



ABOVE: Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. William Robbins leaving the Congregational Church, Cheltenham, following their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Diane Barwick, daughter of Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick, who received guests at a reception at their home, "Mundroola," Beecroft. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins, of Newport.



AT LEFT: London wedding for Dr. and Mrs. Alistair Barron, pictured leaving the Church of Christ, Kensington. The bride was Miss Debby Auchinachie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Auchinachie, of Lane Cove. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Barron, of New Lambton Heights, Newcastle.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Adolfo Galleotti (at left) with Mrs. Guido Natali watched the fashions in the Concours d'Elegance which preceded a car rally arranged by the Dante Alighieri Society.

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Checkered trim for an A-line skimmer

● Knitting directions for the striking skimmer on our cover and at right are given below. The dress, boldly etched in a white checker pattern, has buttoned front opening. The skirt is slightly shaped to skim over the hips.



Materials: 24 (26) balls main color (m.c.), 3 balls contrast color (c.c.) Patons Totem-Patons; 1 pr. No. 8 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; No. 10 Phantom crochet hook; 4 small buttons; 1 press-stud; length Coats Fine Nainsook hem facing; 4yd. taffeta lining.

Measurements: To fit 33 (35) in. bust; length, 34 (35) in.; sleeve, 17 in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviations: T.h.l., through back of loop; d.c., double crochet; inc., increase by picking up loop which lies before next st., place on left-hand needle and k t.h.l.

FRONT

Using No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 126 (131) sts. Work 26 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 33 (35), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 52 (53), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 33 (35). Work 25 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 32 (34) sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 50 (52), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 32 (34). Work 25 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 31 (33), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 48 (49), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 31 (33). Work 21 (25) rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 30 (32), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 46 (47), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 30 (32). Work 21 (25) rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 29 (31), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 44 (45), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 29 (31). Work 21 (25) rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 28 (30), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 42 (43), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., k 28 (30) — 102 (107) sts. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 21 (21½) in.

Work checkered band thus:

**** 1st Row:** Using c.c., k 3, * p 1, k 4, rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 1, k 3.

2nd Row: Using c.c., p 3, * k 1, p 4, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 1, p 3. Using m.c., rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Rep. from ** to ** once, then using c.c., 1st and 2nd rows once, inc. 1 st. at end

of needle in last row in 35 in. size only. 108 sts. *** Using m.c., r.s.f., work 3 rows st-st.

To Divide for Front Opening: Using m.c., p 51 (54), turn. Work in st-st. until work measures 26½ (27) in.

To Shape Raglan: W.s.f., cast off 4 (5) sts., work to end. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next and every alt. row until 29 sts. rem. Work 1 row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row until 12 (10) sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge only in every row until 2 sts. rem.

Next Row: P 2, turn. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join in yarn to rem. sts., cast on 6 sts. **1st Row:** K 2, p to end. **2nd Row:** Knit. Work to correspond with other side, casting off extra 6 sts. of underlap at neck edge.

BACK

Work as front to ***. Work in st-st. until work measures as front to underarm.

To Shape Raglan: R.s.f., cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 48 (46) sts. rem., then in every row until 20 (30) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

SLEEVE

Band: Using No. 8 needles and c.c., cast on 47 sts. Work 2 rows st-st.

*****1st Row:** Using c.c., k 1, * p 1, k 4, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: Using c.c., * k 1, p 4, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 1, p 1. Using m.c., rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Work as given from *** to *** three times, then using c.c., 1st and 2nd rows once. Work 1 row. Cast off.

Sleeves: Using No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 54 (58) sts. Work in st-st. for 4 in.

Next Row: R.s.f., k 1, * inc., k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1. 80 (86) sts. Work in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of 18th and foll. 26th (22nd) rows twice. 74 (80) sts. Cont. without shaping

until side edge measures 13½ in.

To Shape Top: R.s.f., cast off 4 (5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 14 (10) sts. rem., then in every row until 6 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles and c.c., cast on 97 (102) sts. Work 2 rows st-st. Proceed thus:

*****1st Row:** K 8, * p 1, k 4, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: P 8, * k 1, p 4, rep. from * to last 8 sts., p 8.

Using m.c. (working 4 sts. either end in c.c.), rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Work as given from *** to *** once, then, using c.c., as 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: K 8 (10), * k 2 tog., k 6 (7), rep. from * 10 times, k 1 (2) — 87 (92) sts. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows — 63 (68) sts., then 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows — 51 (56) sts. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. R.s.f., using crochet hook and holding c.c. at back of work, work ch. in every purl-st. on collar, cuffs, and waistband to form vertical stripes. Using bk-st., sew sleeves to front and back, noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline.

Ease sleeve into cuff and bk-st. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Line cuffs and collar, turning under 2 rows at lower edges and 2 sts. along-side collar. Work 1 row of d.c. evenly down right front opening, 1 ch., turn. Work another row of d.c., working 5 buttonloops (2 ch., miss 2 d.c.) evenly along front edge, sew on collar, leaving facing free and placing front edge of collar to centre front. Sl-st. facing at back of collar. Sew underlap in position at lower edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonloops. Sew press-stud at neck edge. Work 1 row d.c. evenly around lower edge. Sew hem facing. Press seams.

GINA BREAKS THROUGH

By JACQUELINE SMITH



GEORGINA HINDS with producer Richard Parry at one of her first radio recording sessions. She was reading a prayer in a children's program.

"ONE day," her mother would say, as the tiny child recounted the day's radio serials to the family and neighbors, "our Gina will be an actress."

Four-year-old Gina Hinds liked the sound of that. Yes, she thought, one day she would be an actress. On the radio.

For as long as she could remember, the radio had dominated her life. When she was three years old her parents bought a milk bar in the Sydney suburb of Kogarah, and to keep the toddler out of the way sat her beside the wireless.

Gina listened from 8.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. every day, turning the knob from station to station, from program to program. She knew the radio timetable verbatim, and rarely missed a session.

Some years later, when an acting career seemed beyond her reach, she decided that any job on radio would do—script-writing, production, some musical program.

Her determination and ambition never faltered, although there were many disappointments, and times when a career in radio seemed unattainable. Especially for a young blind girl.

In the early stages of pregnancy, Mrs. Hinds contracted German measles and Gina was born virtually sightless. Today, she can still distinguish shadows, light and dark, but it will only be a short time, the specialists say, until she is totally blind.

Once or twice Gina almost gave up hoping. People, she discovered, were kind but always wary about trusting a blind person to do a qualified job.

Such occasions helped strengthen her purpose. She passed her School Certificate and found a job as a secre-

tary-receptionist in a solicitor's office. She was already a proficient typist—"I learned to type when I was eight and a boarder at St. Lucy's School for the Blind at Wahroonga"—and took shorthand on a braille machine.

In her spare time she listened to the radio, studied broadcasting techniques, made practice tape-recordings, wrote letters to people she thought might help her, and continued her music studies.

Nervous

Some weeks ago, though she is only 16, Gina received her first real break. The ABC offered a small but significant weekly assignment.

She was to transcribe a prayer into braille, and read it with her own piano accompaniment on the Children's Session's weekly "Thinking Time."

Friends had told me about Georgina Hinds, of her ambition, and more especially of her resourcefulness. I met her some time later at her first recording session.

The studio, large, stark, and impersonal as only a recording studio can be, made her seem very small and vulnerable. She was nervous and distressed because she had made the same mistake twice during the introductory bars of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring."

Producer Richard Parry reassured her, his mellow Welsh voice echoing throughout the studio. Gina tried again, her small hands moving precisely over the keyboard; the music faded out, and turning to the microphone she read the prayer, running her fingers rapidly over the sheets of braille on the table.

Her voice is delightful—clear, lilting, and completely unaffected. "Oh, I did study

eloquence," she told me later. "I had seven lessons."

After the four three-minute tapes were completed we sat and talked. Gina was still excited about her success. "It's only a small part, but I hope it will lead to bigger and better things," she said. "At the moment I'm still working for the solicitor, and will take time off to record these programs."

Gina accepts her blindness as far as it is possible for any young teenager to accept such a handicap. "But I don't want people to feel sorry for me," she said vehemently. "I detest pity. Anyway, I don't think I am to be pitied."

And she's not. Gina is too vital, too quick-witted and enterprising to be pitied. She has an elfin prettiness, and

apathy of Australian people, and irritated by the barrier they keep around the blind.

While they are sympathetic, Gina feels they give little practical encouragement, adopting rather a condescending and insular attitude.

"It means that interesting jobs are restricted," she said. "But I knew what I wanted and set out to get it."

First she contacted Sydney radio station announcer Dick Fair, hoping he could help her break into the highly competitive field she had selected. There was little he could do. He was understanding, and interviewed her on his program. Nothing came of it.

"Sometimes I felt I was going round in circles—getting nowhere," Gina said. "A

Australian actor James Condon had long been a favorite of Gina's. She had heard his voice on radio and television programs often and decided to write to him. If he couldn't help, then she planned trying her second favorite actor, Ron Hadrick.

So she asked her young brother to find Condon's address in the telephone directory—"just hoping it was the right one"—and posted the letter.

However, the actor was in Melbourne, and by the time the letter was redirected, and his reply posted, five weeks had elapsed.

"Five weeks may sound a short time, but to me it was an eternity," she said. "I was just about to give up hope when his reply arrived."

Condon's initial reaction was "another stage-struck girl." That was until he read the last line of Gina's letter: "By the way, I am blind."

The only advice he could give her was to ring Mr. Ken Bruce, the president of the Talking Book Auxiliary. "Maybe," he wrote, "you could help record some of the books for the auxiliary's library, and," he added, "do keep on with your music studies."

So Gina rang Ken Bruce, a marvellous man, blind himself and constantly fighting battles for other blind people who have great ambition but few opportunities.

In turn he referred her to Molly Warwick, wife of stage-veteran John Warwick, who is an actress and teacher in her own right.

"I knew Georgina had something as soon as I listened to her tape," said Molly Warwick, who was to prove an invaluable ally to the young girl. "It showed extraordinary imagination and initiative, and most of all her beautiful voice."

"First we had to overcome a big obstacle—Gina's silence.

She couldn't communicate with people; she would listen, then answer in monosyllables, which would ruin her chances of getting a job on the air."

Molly Warwick drove this point home over and over again. You must, she would tell her, give something. It cannot be one-sided. It's your fight, too!

"It wasn't that she was lacking tenacity," Mrs. Warwick explained. "She would have a bash at anything but didn't know how to go about it. It was just a matter of bringing her out of her shell."

Gina made an all-out effort. She made conversation, she answered questions in full, laughed at Molly Warwick when she asked if she'd seen the morning paper—"I'd frequently forget the child was blind"—and accepted chastisement if she slipped back to one-word answers.

Beginning

And when she felt Gina was ready, Molly Warwick contacted Richard Parry, and played the tape to him, and Gina's radio career began.

"Now I've made another tape-recording which will possibly be used on the Children's Session at a later date," said Gina. "It's a Norwegian legend, which I abridged, and put to Grieg's music."

And what then? "Well, if nothing comes of these first few recordings, I still won't give up. I'll just try somewhere else—perhaps John Laws."

"But at least I've made a start. I just may be an actress on the radio one of these days!"

It would be trite to say Georgina Hinds is admirable. At 16, she has more courage, more determination, more initiative than most people twice her age; she has waged her own private battle against indifference, and won.

● Behind a lilting young voice on the air is a story of initiative and endless determination

a copper cap of short wavy hair; she is an accomplished musician, and an expert knitter; and she has a quiet but ready sense of humor.

Her mother died eight years ago, and Gina, one of six children, has accepted many of the family responsibilities.

She is incredibly proud of her independence. "I hate to be led anywhere," she said. "After I've been in a house once or twice I'm able to find my own way around. I get driven to work, but I could walk if necessary, and I walk to church by myself every Sunday to play the organ."

But most of all she is angered and humiliated by the

couple of months went by, and I decided to try something else."

Using a "rather antiquated tape-recorder," she made what she calls a dramatic audition tape. On it were four sketches—she wrote three of them herself, and added her own piano accompaniment. She gave Portia's famous courtroom speech from "The Merchant of Venice," a discussion between teenagers and a small boy, one between foreigners, and another imitating the voices of old women.

"Then I found I was in much the same position as before," she said. "Nowhere to go and nobody to listen to the tape."



Picture by Miss M. E. Olley, Cheltenham, Vic.

SUNSETS

THE SETTING SUN is pictured, above, over Port Phillip Bay (Vic.), near Mt. Martha, one of the three granite outcrops on the Mornington Peninsula. In 1802 Matthew Flinders, in the Investigator, landed between Mornington and Mt. Martha, which is now a beach resort. Below, Sandringham Beach, also on Port Phillip Bay, is seen during a beautiful sunset.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Miss S. L. Chapman, Halifax, N.S.



TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM — MAYBE

A star, yes, but a snakey type

● Charlie is not everyone's cup of tea. But an 11½-foot hunk of film star is a valuable TV find, so he commands respect and the best of care.

A ROCK PYTHON called "Charlie Boy" is the star of a TV film about a railway being built through difficult terrain in the north-west of Western Australia.

It is an unusual railway line, and an unusual snake.

The railway, 265 miles long, will link the mountain of iron ore at Mt. Newman with Port Hedland, and run through what the locals call "python country."

The snake, Charlie, 11½ feet long, was caught not far from the start of the railway line, and Bill Carty, of Cinesound, who is making the film for BP (Aust.) Ltd., decided to star him, and call the color film after him, Aboriginal style — "Tjilla Trail."

"Tjilla" (pronounced "Chilla") is, I am assured, Aboriginal for "Charlie," who was called after the man who caught him, Charlie Snell, of Mt. Newman. In the weeks since his capture, Charlie has become a social success and a film star.

"I don't like snakes," director Bill Carty told me, "but I can handle Charlie now. You'd love him."

I don't think I would.

After his capture, and the decision to star him as he watches the railway line being built, Charlie had to be kept alive for the duration of the film, expected to take 12 months.

Charlie was a Government matter. The Western Australian Department of Fisheries and Fauna in Perth had to be consulted.

The reptile experts decided Charlie needed his natural environment at Mt. Newman, so he finally settled in happily there with his captor, Charlie Snell.

The "Tjilla Trail" railway is being laid by Torres Strait natives from Thursday Island. They are renowned for their skill in laying railway lines, and the narration of the film is being done by one of them.

Charlie isn't the only representative of Australian fauna in "Tjilla Trail." There are kangaroos, emus, camels (wild ones), porcupines, lizards, and dingoes. Their lives are disturbed by the new railway and they have to move away, but time and time again they return to watch.

Charlie will be put in position to observe, the others

will just arrive — if they do.

"Tjilla Trail" has the most beautiful ballad of the same name backing it. The music is written by Aboriginal Jimmy Little, who also wrote the lyrics and sings the haunting music with his own guitar backing.

The film is to be distributed world-wide and seen on TCN9 when the railway opens — a very unusual BP Special.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

THERE was an entrancing bit of wildlife on TV last week when a kookaburra, "Jacko," who laughs on signal from his young master, Mark Walton, 9, of South Australia, performed to the great glee of everyone on TCN9's "Tonight" show.

Mark, whose signal to Jacko was a sustained roar, didn't have a nerve showing, nor did Jacko. They were both supremely confident and performed with nerve.

I've never seen a greater ham than Jacko, laughing on cue at every demand.

But probably the greatest performance came from John Laws. He behaved with the greatest aplomb and restraint while Jacko, on his shoulder, using his lethal-looking beak, rearranged Laws' coiffure and examined his ear more closely than I would have cared for.

Liza's fun fur is mink

LIZA MINNELLI, back in Sydney for a season at Chequers, and lighting up TCN9's "Tonight" shows like a neon sign, met the Press the other day, looking like a shy, stray kitten.

She is a small, quiet girl off stage, 22, not pretty but with Appeal with a great big capital "A," and an endearing manner.

She was wearing a pale grey flannel suit — with about an inch of her matching shorts showing under her mini-length tunic top. Cast on the seat beside her was her "fun fur," the most divine and devastating coat.

It is made of autumn-haze mink, a grey-beige color in long strips alternating with bands of pinky-beige hand-done crochet in thick wool. It is the ritziest, most sumptuous fun fur I have seen.

I was admiring it with Liza's manager, blonde

Television

Is it folly or progress?

THE Warringah Expressway, curving, gleaming, and glittering on the screen on all channels, made absorbing viewing when it was opened last week.

Channel 7, showing imagination, televised the Expressway, live, the morning after it opened in operation for its first big test of the peak hour from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m.

It was so fascinating I was late for work.

But a famous TV personality, Professor Julius Sumner Miller, who hit Sydney on his umpteenth visit about the same time, doesn't approve of it at all.

"You have just opened the Warringah Expressway," he said. "It is utter folly. It is going to solve nothing."

"Look at it. Curving ribbons of concrete used by thousands who migrate to the city daily to spend the day working in a concrete building, never seeing the sky. It is frightening."

"I think human kind deserves a better lot, greater rewards from our technological progress. The Warringah Expressway does not benefit the human soul."

"I have little sympathy

Nancy Nelson. She told me that Liza is normally thrifty, almost frugal.

"Liza never knows how much money she's got," Nancy said. "One day I got a call from Bonwit Teller's, an exclusive New York store, and they asked me on Liza's behalf if it was all right if she spent x number of dollars as she wanted to buy two mink coats."

"I couldn't believe my ears and said, 'Do you know Liza Minnelli? Are you sure it is her?' When I had established that it was, I said yes, she certainly had the money."

"She came home with her two coats — this one, and a black mink like a little boy's overcoat, severely cut, and buttoned to the neck."

Liza is making a special for TCN9 while she's in Sydney, so I hope she wears one of her minks anyway.



ON LOCATION on "Tjilla Trail," near Mount Newman, from left to right: Cameraman Michael Baker, Charlie Snell, and Charlie Boy on camera with director Bill Carty, who has learned to handle his star.

for what is called progress today. It does nothing for the spirit of man. Man should not endure it, he should revolt against it."

A "SEVEN DAYS" special on Vietnam last week, an interview with war correspondent Pat Burgess, by Roger Climpson and Peter Martin, was one of the best, most lucid and informative looks at Vietnam yet.

Burgess has spent a lot of time in Vietnam, part of every year since 1955. He knows what he is talking about.

He answered questions factually, unemotionally. Some were obviously rehearsed ones, with film he had sent back to illustrate his answers, others off the cuff were answered with sometimes shocking honesty.

I found out what size the rockets are that Saigon is being assaulted with, the damage they do, and the truth about corruption and looting among the Vietnamese.

And I found out, too, that the majority of South Vietnamese and many Americans think the Australian Task Force is an appendage of the American forces, paid for and sustained by the American.

It was all very eye-opening. There is nothing to equal a good, tough Australian reporter to give you the low-down, fill you in on what you want to know — what others don't tell you or smarm over thickly with sentiment.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Have you noticed how everyone is trying to get away from it all? If you work in the city, you just have to get away for a weekend to the beach or the snow. If you live on a farm you have to go to the city. No one seems to be happy in his environment and has to go on vacations constantly."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "People go on vacations to forget things and when they open their suitcases they remember what they forgot."



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WT420

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 3, 1968

Page 17

Quit feeling tired within 4 days?

Taking new *Accomin 300* adult tonic concentrate once a day, most people notice results in about 4 days. You see, if you've been feeling a little tired, or worn out, or easily fatigued, it can be because your body lacks certain vitamins or isn't making full use of the food you eat. New *Accomin 300* — is the first full adult tonic specially formulated to help you beat this sort of tiredness *safely*, without drugs or stimulants. Unlike conventional tonics, *Accomin 300* does not stop at just vitamin and iron supplementation, but also gives you important *L-Lysine*.

Get more from the food you eat
Accomin 300 TONIC



This is an essential amino acid which helps you get more protein-energy from the food you eat. So, if you've been feeling tired lately, or if you're recovering from an illness, *Accomin 300* could be just what you need. (It's sugar-free). As we said, most people notice results in about 4 days. Your Family Chemist has it — why not start on new *Accomin 300* adult tonic concentrate today?

Restraint of apron strings

YES, "Mini-pinny" (June 5), children need and appreciate discipline. I will always remember my eight-year-old daughter saying, "I don't like you going to meetings, Mummy . . . Daddy doesn't make me go to bed." Yet, when I'm home, she always pleads for a few more minutes. But with my firm and gentle persuasion, she usually gets to bed in good time. Apron strings should be firmly tied, but they should also be made of elastic.

\$2 to Mrs. Betty Ory, Bairnsdale, Vic.

READING an article entitled "Be a pal to your child," I asked my 16-year-old, "Would you like me to be a pal to you?" "Oh, no, Mum," she said earnestly, "I have plenty of pals. What I need is a mother to keep me going in the right direction, to whom I can go for advice, so you stay just that."

\$2 to "Mini-strings" (name supplied), Nambour, Qld.

I AM on my third teenager. My method has been to have the apron strings made of elastic with enough stretch to allow the youngster a bit of freedom and enough zip to drag him back into line when he needs be.

\$2 to "Haphazard" (name supplied), Sans Souci, N.S.W.

WHEN a young teenager, my daughter said, "Mum, I don't like that crowd. Will you tell them I can't go?" She is now married and managing her life well, but I believe parents' restraining hands can be of great comfort to young people, much as they would have us believe otherwise. It is a matter of judgment, of course, but some restraint gives a sense of stability and caring, and is much appreciated by children.

\$2 to "Mother" (name supplied), Malvern, Vic.

IT is often important to a child's sense of security that he feels his parents care about him sufficiently to establish and enforce fair rules of conduct. There is, however, surely a great deal of difference between this and the idea of dependency contained in "being tied to a mother's apron strings." Surely our aim as parents should be to assist our children to the point where they are able to function as independent, mature adults.

\$2 to Mrs. Terry Norman, Mount Waverley, Vic.

I THINK the restraint of apron strings is greatly desired to help and guide young people along the "straight and narrow path," which is the only way, even if it is poked fun at in this unstable world. A young person brought up in this way is not a "Mum's boy" or a "Sis." He will have strength of character and, as he grows older, will be grateful that his parents took the interest in him to guide him through the formative years.

\$2 to "Another Mum" (name supplied), Plympton Park, S.A.



LETTER BOX

Write to parents

LATELY I rarely mention that I have received letters from my young family living and working a long way from home. Reason is that so many of our friends are in the same boat, but their children do not write regularly or at all, despite loving letters from their parents. Occasionally the telephone will ring and there will be a hasty three-minute call with the parents unprepared and important matters left unsaid. Come on, young people, put pen to paper and pass on a bit of tender loving care before your opportunity has gone for ever.

\$2 to "Country Woman" (name supplied), Armidale, N.S.W.

Music hath charms

OCCASIONALLY on Sundays I stay in bed a little later than usual, the result of which is a headache. However, when I get to church and the organist begins to play the voluntary, my headache goes immediately. It is so noticeable I am wondering if a record of good organ music would have the same effect if played at home should I have a headache during the week.

\$2 to "Gran" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Right in fashion

MY daughter-in-law, a Londoner, was going through her English winter clothes to cut down for her children when she found her school skirt. She tried it on and it is now a lovely mini — without alteration.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Sander, Bundamba, Qld.

Ordinary mothers?

WATCHING me trying to cope with housework, farm-work, deliveries, etc., my small daughter asked, "Mummy, are there any ordinary mothers — the sort that just do housework?"

\$2 to Mrs. G. R. Cramer, Alice Springs, N.T.

No hair to flop

HUBBY's hair has disappeared from the top of his head and he has very little around his head. Nevertheless, whenever he has to go to a special "do," he never fails to ask me to trim his hair. He had a haircut at a barber's recently and when a special "do" came up a few days later, he wanted his hair trimmed. "You have just had it cut," I said. "I don't care," he said. "I am not going out with my hair flopping around my ears!" We all wonder how it could flop.

\$2 to "Country Mum" (name supplied), Foster, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

PRIVATE LIVES

ONE of the most dazzling sights of today is the inside of a supermarket.

All those gaily packaged products on the shelves, with names ending in -o or -ex, say "Buy me!"

Yet how many of us care about the struggle and triumph, the scheming and heartbreak that lie behind the bright labels?

Very few, I fear. All the more reason why we should pay attention to the findings of the A. C. Nielsen Company in America.

This is a firm of market researchers — the sort of people who knock at the door and ask what nail-polish you use.

The Nielsen experts spent five years studying the life-cycle of grocery brands.

They discovered that the products sold in the supermarket have almost human careers, full of drama, crisis, and (at times) tragedy.

Grittiness, that breakfast cereal you have known and loved for years, may be incurably ill.

Suddo, the new soap powder they praise on television, may be



doomed to perish at a pitifully early age.

When we admire the mellow beauty of Love-Gloss shampoo, we little know that it is being kept alive only by desperate transfusions of money.

A few groceries survive in good health for many years. But the sad truth is that the average product's life-span has become shorter.

Each new brand starts out cheerfully with a flourish of advertising. Its parent-firm has high hopes.

Yet, within two or three years it

shows signs of weakness. It is bruised roughly by a new competitive brand.

The doctors are called in. They may prescribe a new package design, a giant economy size, or free gifts of plastic dogs and ducks.

If all goes well, the product is rejuvenated. But the less robust brand of biscuits or toothpaste may have a chronic sales anaemia that proves fatal.

Since I learned these facts I have taken a more sympathetic interest in the health of grocery brands.

At the supermarket I asked the manager: "How is Yummo instant coffee doing?"

"It's picked up nicely since they put 'five cents off' on it," he said.

"What about He-man after-shave lotion?"

"It's had a touch of the old trouble, but I think with the new plastic pack it might pull through."

"And Merlin floor polish?"

He said sadly: "It passed away last week."

As I left I repeated the poignant lines of the poet:

"Gather detergent while ye may, Old time is still a-flying, And that same brand which blooms today,

Tomorrow will be dying . . ."

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Tell it to the marines

● According to a theory published in England, mini-skirts make girls' legs fatter because exposure to cold induces an increase of fat as protection to the circulatory system.

"Eat up your crusts," they used to say,
"It helps your hair grow curly."
"A wind-change fixes frowns to stay,
Beware of looking surly."

This class of legend, folk supposed
Improved the young—how silly!
Now try to tell them legs exposed
Grow fatter when they're chilly!

—Dorothy Drain

Emotional release

FURTHER to art being a release for pent-up emotions:

While drawing, a child can say many things he would not dare say verbally. He could say, "I hate school, the teacher doesn't like me," by drawing a big, black, ugly teacher. By so doing, he has expressed his feelings of insecurity, feels better, and does not need to sulk or pull the cat's tail. Encourage your children to draw and paint, mothers, and don't criticise!

\$2 to Jennifer M. James, Oakleigh, Vic.

Golf on horseback

MY nine-year-old son and his pal were watching television when a picture of the Duke of Edinburgh appeared on the screen. "Prince Philip," said son. "Yes," replied pal. "Last night we saw him and some other men playing golf on horses." He had seen a telecast of the Prince playing polo at Canberra.

\$2 to Mrs. L. D. Stevenson, Gunnedah, N.S.W.



Speak out.
Or find out.



If you use Tampax tampons, why not tell your friends about them. They'll appreciate it. If you don't use them, ask about them. Speak out. Find out. Tell. Ask.

Most teenagers believe Tampax tampons are a better way. What they want to know is:

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So find out. Or speak out. "Trying" and "telling" have made Tampax tampons the world's leading internal sanitary protection.

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Complexion
can be
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It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

HUNTLY PROJECT IS NO ORDINARY PIG FARM

— Aim of the 620-acre project is to breed as many healthy bacon pigs in the shortest possible time to send to market.

ROSES were in bloom beside the gravelled drive and the line of young trees behind them promised a gracious entrance in years to come, but the big, red-bordered sign on the roadside was anything but welcoming.

"No entry without permission," it stated flatly.

A little higher up the drive, a smaller but even more emphatic sign told you this was as far as you could go without a call at the nearby office.

Obviously, the 620-acre

By
BERENICE CRAIG

complex which makes up the Huntly Project at Bagshot, near Bendigo, Vic., was no ordinary pig farm.

Scientist Dr. Dudley Smith, manager and brain behind this three-year-old, million-dollar success story, was specific.

"We don't welcome visitors," he said. "Each is a potential source of danger."

To soften the blow, he explained that it isn't just people but the germs they unwittingly carry around that prompt the security set-up.

The biggest minimal disease piggery in Australia and one which arouses great interest in scientific and veterinary circles, Huntly Project is, as Dr. Smith puts it, "rationalising a biological function."

Its aim is to breed as many healthy bacon pigs in the shortest possible time to supply to the bacon factory in Bendigo. To do this, risk of disease must be reduced to an absolute minimum.

● **Manager of the Huntly (Vic.) Project piggery, Dr. Dudley Smith, left, at work in his office.**



"We have ups and downs as you do with any stock, but by controlling disease, nutrition, and weaning, you expect to reach a much higher level of efficiency," said Dr. Smith.

"Pigs are no more prone to disease than any other animal. They can live with their own wogs as long as you don't challenge them by introducing some new strain."

"In a completely closed herd like this, and under these intensive conditions, any outside disease germs which gain entrance could affect a lot of pigs very quickly."

Rules carefully enforced

When we visited the four big, self-contained, and completely separate units of single-storey pig houses which make up the project, we were made aware of how carefully the rules are enforced.

We donned freshly laundered white drill coats and special gumboots. We made sure we trod in the shallow, concrete footbaths of disinfectant, which are charged three or four times a day, just inside the door of each concrete-floored house.

The same precautions are taken by attendants who

care for the pigs. Their serviceable, khaki overalls and boots are kept in a special changing-room, just inside the fence which encloses each unit.

To each of the four units 500 of the project's 2000 breeding sows come at carefully controlled intervals to give birth to their piglets in special farrowing houses.

They then move into differently designed "sow and litter" houses until their babies are weaned at five weeks. After this, the mothers go back to a separate establishment to be mated again.

Their offspring continue through the houses in the unit, each designed to accommodate rapidly growing piglets who are expected to make 170lb. in 150 days, when they are ready for market.

Every week there is a movement of 200 pigs in every house in each unit — all done to split-second timing.

At no time are the pigs outdoors, except when they walk along fenced, concrete paths which connect the houses. Piglets are transferred a wheelbarrow-load at a time.

"The pigs are penned for complete control," said Dr. Smith. "If they have no disease, running outside would not hurt them, but by penning, we have the control we need to maintain intensive care."

There will never be any blue ribbons to hang on the wall of the project's pig houses, although the breeding of their occupants is planned as carefully as that of any Royal Show champion.

For one thing, any animal which left the project could never return because of health reasons.

The safety precautions which originally established this closed herd go back to the beginning.

Inmates of the units are the progeny of pure-bred animals bought from various Victorian studs.

All the original animals were kept at a piggery at Bendigo, mated, and a few days before the time came for the sows to farrow moved to the Werribee Animal Research Station, south of Melbourne.

The piglets were born by

hysterectomy, reared in completely aseptic conditions for three weeks, then brought to Huntly.

From this stock, sows and boars are now bred for the units.

At Huntly there are no nursery-rhyme-type piglets who could just happily take themselves off to market or stay home if they wished.

From the moment they enter the world they are watched, documented, and given highly individual care. Their mothers and fathers receive the same VIP treatment.

There is a definite "maternity ward" atmosphere in the huge farrowing houses, each accommodating 24 sows who can produce up to 19 piglets each.

"The average number is 9.8 and the optimum size of a litter is 12," said Dr. Smith. "Big litters often contain little raggy piglets and losses rise, so you get fewer pigs in the long run."

The whole birth process is carefully timed so that sows enter the farrowing house on a Friday and leave on the following Tuesday week. The babies they take with them can be either seven days old or only two days, but, as Dr. Smith explains, sows which farrow on the same day share pens in the larger second-stage room.

In peaceful togetherness

Here the 400lb. sows and their piglets thrive in peaceful togetherness. Unlike most animals, Mrs. Pig couldn't care less if all the babies who answer her "come to dinner" grunts are not her own.

In fact, as Beverly Stemmer (alias "Tommy"), who, with Barbara Hewett, is one of the two girl attendants at Huntly, confesses, "I'll often pop a little pig from a big litter in with those of a sow who has fewer babies, and she is none the wiser."

Despite the mass-production aspect, "Tommy" is emphatic that each mother becomes an individual to her.

"Mostly they are pretty good when they're farrowing, but occasionally you get a young one who can be a bit frightened or savage," she said.

"I find that just by stay-

ing with her and talking to her, I can calm her down."

"Tommy" and Barbara are ward sisters, and, if necessary, midwives to their huge charges and nursing sisters to their ear-splittingly vocal offspring, whose squeals make one long for earmuffs.

The girls keep a discerning eye on any patient who doesn't seem to be doing as well as expected and report to the veterinary surgeon who visits the project each day.

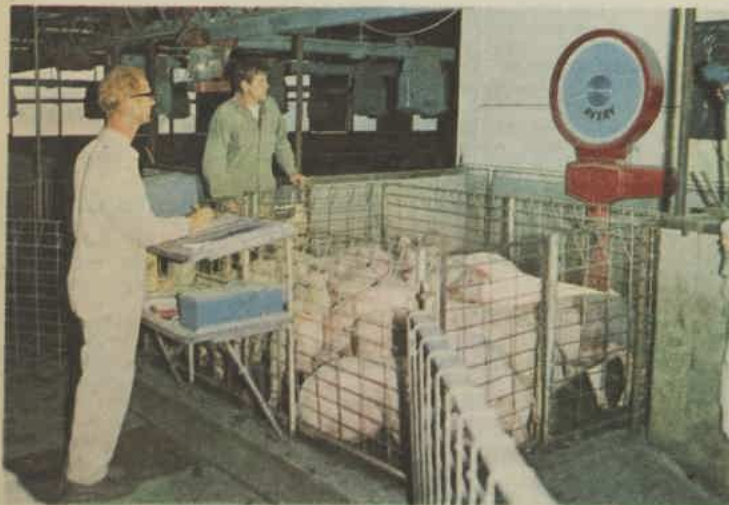
Beside each pen is a clipboard containing full data on the occupant. In fact, every pig in the project is fully documented from the day it is born to the day it leaves.

Dr. Smith was responsible for the design of the various houses in each unit. Temperature, ventilation, and hygiene are controlled, and pens built so that cleaning and drainage is easily done.

As each pen in every house is vacated, it is cleaned and disinfected ready for the new occupant or occupants.

Temperature in the farrowing houses is kept to a minimum for the sows.

Each pen has a heated side section for the piglets, whose requirement is 80 degrees.



● **In the 83ft. by 225ft. "grower and finisher" room a weekly weight check is made. Here, unit manager David Dyke records an average weight of 90lb. for a pen of 20 pigs aged 14 weeks, watched by assistant Stuart Ockwell.**



● Exterior view of No. 2 of the four units making up the animal housing complex on the 620-acre, million-dollar piggery at Bagshot, Vic.

In the second-stage sow and litter house and also the houses through which the piglets pass as they grow older, shutters can be propped open to allow fresh air and sunlight and catch a pleasant breeze, if necessary.

As the piglets are weaned and go into community pens according to their ages, Dr. Smith points out that what he calls their "housekeeping" develops quickly.

They would much rather be clean than dirty and pens are constructed with a solid floor at one end and slats at the other so the piglets can become "house-trained."

You find out that pigs are pretty smart, too. Each pen has a water faucet which they quickly learn to operate with their mouths.

Double weight in a week

A scientist whose specialisation has always been pigs, which he regards with much more than clinical interest, Dr. Smith says it is fascinating to watch his charges grow, put on weight, and develop good bones.

"A good litter will double its weight in a week," he said with satisfaction. "We feed our pigs, including 112

stud boars, on pellets which contain wheat, wheatmeal, lucerne meal, soybean, and added minerals and vitamins."

"When they are weaned, piglets begin with smaller pellets which have a higher protein content and are more easily digested. Gradually a larger 'grower pellet' is introduced into their diet.

"Sows with litters can eat as much as they like. The idea is to stop them losing any weight at all.

"Just before the pigs go off to market, we go through them all and select the fastest growers, measure their back fat with an ultrasonic probe, and choose our breeding animals.

"At present, the Large White is our best breed. Eventually, we'll probably concentrate on three breeds.

"Which three will depend on production results. We'll choose them when we have enough performance data to say, 'Right, these are the three which serve us best.'"

Seven men make up the inside staff in each unit at Huntly. Under the guidance of a unit manager, they are trained to do every necessary job for the pigs.

There are also four outside staff men who cultivate

some of the paddocks which separate the units, growing mostly oats which are fed to breeding sows and keeping the surplus for hay. They also take care of the many decorative trees which line the project's extensive system of linking roads.

Only one staff member, the General Overseer, Mr. Frank Dyke, lives in his own cottage on the property.

Eventually four more cottages will be built and each unit manager will have one. At the moment, most of the

staff commute from the nearby settlement of Huntly or from Bendigo.

Dr. Smith's fascination with his weighty charges is obviously infectious. Staff members are enthusiastic, quick to say they enjoy their jobs, and proud of the visibly solid results they are obtaining.

On paper these pigs may seem just so many carefully documented statistics. Out in their houses they are personalities to the people who tend them.



● Above: Dr. Smith inspecting a pen of 20 pigs in one of the "grower and finisher" rooms to which the animals graduate at nine weeks old.



● Left: Barbara Hewett wheeling a barrow-load of piglets, helped by schoolgirl Helen Friend, who had a vacation job at the project.

—Pictures by LES GORRIE

WANTED— OUR PRETTIEST HOME HOSTESS

She will be crowned Bake-Off Princess
1968 as part of our exciting recipe contest.

THIS week we launch our Bake - Off Princess competition to find Australia's prettiest home hostess.

It's a contest open to any young woman living in Australia, either married or single.

This is a competition with a difference. Not only does the winner have to cook well — as the title Bake-Off Princess implies — but she has to be attractive, have a bright personality, and, above all, the ability to entertain well at home.

For girls with a flair for home entertaining and cooking, the qualifications for entry are simple:

Just submit a recent photograph of yourself together with your suggested menu for entertaining guests at a dinner party. State your full name and address, age, and complete details of your chosen menu (recipes are not required).

Address your entry to "Bake - Off Princess," The Australian Women's

Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Entries close on Monday, September 23.

The Prize

You could win a fortnight's holiday on the fabulous Barrier Reef at Hayman Island, all expenses paid, flown there and back from your hometown or city.

In addition you will receive a wardrobe of fashion garments, plus \$100 in spending money. Two of the garments to be won are pictured on this page. The pale pink coat-dress is in slubbed hopsack and the deep pink dress is made from a new crease-resisting herringbone weave, ideal for travelling. Both fabrics are made by Bradmill Industries Ltd., who have donated the prize wardrobe for our Bake-Off Princess contest. You will also win a \$350 Metters range.

The runner-up will receive a \$100 cash consolation prize.

At the right are two photographs of last year's winner, Caroline Styles, taken on her prizewinning holiday.

The Princess competition will be one of the highlights of our 1968 International Butter-White Wings Bake-Off, sponsored jointly by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd.

Each week in the paper we will publish a photograph of one of the entrants and her dinner menu.

State finalists will appear in parades at Myer's in Melbourne during Bake-Off Week between October 1 and October 4.

Two girls will be chosen from each parade to contest the finals on Friday, October 4, and the winner will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly later.

She will receive her award at the Bake-Off Presentation Charity Dinner on Monday, October 7, at the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne.

Award Dinner

This spectacular dinner will be attended by more than 300 people, including the two international Bake-Off judges — Monica Sheridan, from Dublin, Ireland's top television cookery hostess and a well-known food author, and, from Italy, chef Edoardo Moglia, general manager of the Real Fini Hotel, Modena.

Monica Sheridan recently won the title of "Irish TV Personality of the Year," and her co-judge of the Bake-Off cookery events, Edoardo Moglia, has been described as one of the outstanding personalities of the food world of Europe.

Profits from the charity dinner will go to the Carry On Committee. Carry On is an extension of the work of Legacy, although the organisations are not related. It has a comprehensive system of care for ex-service men and women and their families.

The Bake-Off Princess finalists will be flown to Melbourne from all States by Ansett-ANA and will be given first-class accommo-



CAROLINE STYLES, last year's Princess, with Napua Stevens, one of last year's Bake-Off judges, in a nightclub in Honolulu.

tion for the week of the Bake-Off at the Southern Cross Hotel.

As a guide to entrants in this year's contest, we are setting out below a typical entry in last year's Miss Bake-Off contest.

PRE-DINNER DRINKS:

HORS-D'OEUVRE:
Savory Canapes
Prune and Bacon Titbits.

ENTREE:
Seafood Cocktail
Brown Bread Triangles (buttered).

SOUP:
French Onion Consomme.

MAIN COURSE:
Beef Stroganoff
Parsley Potatoes
Carrot Rings
Green Peas.

DESSERT:
Italian Spumone
Selected Cheese and Biscuits.

DEMITASSE:
Black coffee served with Tia Maria topped with cream.

Details of recipe contest and entry coupon are given on page 31.



CAROLINE on balcony of her hotel bedroom with Waikiki and Diamond Head in the background.



PART of our Princess' prize is a new wardrobe. This coat and dress from Bradmill Industries are part of it.



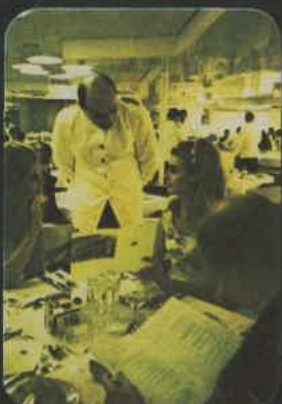
The main part of our 1968 Butter-White Wings Bake-Off contest is our search for original recipes. There are five separate categories for these, also a special prize to be awarded to the best junior entry received in any section. The overall champion, various section winners, and the Bake-Off Princess will all be awarded their prizes at the Melbourne banquet on Monday, October 7.

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DRESS SENSE

By **BETTY
KEEP**

bride once, so make it a really glamorous occasion.

"Would it be correct to wear a wool suit to a 5.30 p.m. wedding? Or should I wear something more dressy? I would also like advice about what I should wear on my head. I am in my mid-twenties."

In my opinion, but it does depend largely on the formality of the wedding, the correct choice is a cocktail dress. This can be interpreted as a short dress made in a formal material. Complete the outfit with a hair-bow trimmed with a flower. Whatever your material and color choice, wear pale beige acces-

sories — handbag, shoes, and gloves.

"I am very long-waisted and would like you to suggest a smart style to help disguise this fault."

A dress with a dropped waist-line would be flattering—it's in fashion, too.

"Have you a paper pattern for a shirt-dress with a belt? My bust size is 32½ and I don't know if you have half-sizes in patterns."

Our pattern department has a belted shirt-dress in your size. The design has an A-line step-in silhouette and can be worn belted or minus the belt. The pattern includes the design in two lengths — street and to the floor. To order, quote Vogue pattern 1884, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Should I wear pastel accessories with a pink coat?"

Chocolate-brown or black would be newer and more appropriate for winter.

"Is a suit with a short bolero jacket still smart? If so, what length skirt should I team with the jacket?"

The mini-jacket, as it is now called, is right back in fashion. It looks newest with a maxi-skirt, but can also be worn at the skirt length you favor for street-wear.

"I am a big build, 43in. bust, but am well in proportion. What do you consider the best type of outfit for afternoon wear?"

My choice would be a dress and matching jacket, the dress slim and beltless, with a scoop neckline gathered into a tiny neckband and finished with a bow at centre front. The jacket should be slightly fitted and cardigan-style.

● The slacksuit, below, right — the pattern also includes a matching skirt — answers a style query from a young married reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Having bought 6½yds. of 54in. check wool, I am seeking your advice for a style and pattern for a slacksuit and matching skirt."

I would like hip pants with narrow trouser legs, a straight skirt, and a jacket buttoning up to a high neck, finished with a collar."

Illustrated below, right, is the design you wrote about. The hipster pants are straight and narrow, the jacket has a single-

breasted fastening and a round collar, and the skirt is straight. Your 6½yds. of 54in. material will be sufficient to make the suit and skirt. Under the illustration are how-to-order details. Skirt (not illustrated) is included in the pattern.

"I am being married in July and am having a church wedding at noon. Would it be correct to wear a floor-length dress and veil? The wedding is quite small."

Quite correct. You are only a

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WITH HEAVENLY BUTTER CREAM FILLING

Light as a Viennese waltz on a summer evening... That's White Wings Vienna Sponge Mix with the heavenly new Butter Cream Filling. Try this wonderful sponge as a dessert, too... topped with strawberries and chilled.



"It's Heavenly"



4132.—Slacksuit and matching skirt in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4132, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

BUTTERICK

NIGHT and DAY

Fashions

**MADE
FROM
ONE
PATTERN**

THREAD your needle for mid-winter sewing because here's a real find — a day-and-night fashion in one pattern. Current details to note: Empire dress with new fullness and a two-piece with a mini top. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders. The patterns are also available in leading stores throughout Australia.



4628. — Two-piece dress (above and above right) can be made in formal or daytime fabric. Top has oval neckline, full-length sleeves or sleeveless, can be finished with or without button trim. The full skirt is gathered into a waistband. Butterick pattern 4628, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70c includes postage.



4630. — Dress in street- and floor-length (left). The design has an Empire A-line silhouette with a low neckline in front, self-bow trim, short or three-quarter bell-shaped sleeves. A front-and-back inverted pleat falls from below the bodice. Butterick pattern 4630, sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70c includes postage.

Bobby pins are for curls.

"Buds" are for ears.



These flexible JOHNSON'S Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely — because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.) So use a bud.

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Keep cold-free this winter and right through the year with Anti-Bi-San. Take a 3-day course of tablets now — before colds get you in their grip. One treatment gives an average of three months' protection.



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Our 1969 World Discovery Tour

● Gay example of the fun you will have afloat.

LIFE IS LAZY OR LIVELY AT SEA

● 1969 can be a year to collect memories — of new places, new people, new emotions. And, above all, of a completely new way of life in the proud white P & O liners Orsova and Himalaya — your floating hotels on our 1969 World Discovery Tour.

Why P & O? Because our tour planners, World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., know that for comfort, service, and cuisine they are one of the best. More than 130 years of ocean travel prove it.

You, too, will know if you are aboard the P & O liner Orsova when she sails next February.

(You will also discover

that our basic tour price is unbeatable value. Imagine \$1835 — or \$N.Z.1900 — for five months' sightseeing in 21 countries, plus the services of a tour staff of five to solve all your travel problems. The tour begins and ends in your own capital city, too.)

From the moment a white-jacketed steward bids you "Good morning" in your attractive cabin (four-berth covered by your ticket; two-berth or single cabins are available) until you dance the last waltz in the ship's spacious ballroom, your life at sea will be a full one.

You will have all the time in the world for doing what you enjoy most: Playing, making friends, reading, or simply relaxing.

What's more, you'll have room — lots of it — to sprawl, run, or even hide away when you want to be alone.

Both the Orsova and the Himalaya (for the homeward voyage) are one-class. This means you have the run of all the swimming-pools, sun-decks, lounges, and bars — the whole ship.

Undoubtedly, the highlights of a sea voyage are the ports of call. Every time you land, a new adventure in discovery begins.

The Orsova's route? From Sydney she sails to Brisbane, Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Balboa, Panama, Cristobal, Miami, and Madeira. (All told, 12 new adventures!)

When you arrive in England on March 27, all cares gone with the sea wind, you'll be ready for the exciting whirl ahead — along with the friends you made at sea.

Sightseeing tours in and around London (where your ticket covers 12 days' accommodation) as well as a seven-day all-inclusive coach tour of England and Scotland are included in your fare.

This, together with 15 days on your own in London, gives you time to explore Britain with its gentle contours of fields and farmlands, its cottages and castles, and its silent lochs.

On the 23-day all-inclusive coach tour through Europe

What you get for \$A.1835

Basic tour price covers:

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orsova and the Himalaya.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
- Escorted full-board accommodation for seven-day tour of England and Scotland.
- Sightseeing tour in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated

- London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.
- Tour director and his staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and return in the Himalaya to ensure an efficient tour operation.

there is something for everyone.

Accompanying you will be a courier familiar with the eight countries you visit — Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, Monaco, and France.

He'll make sure you don't miss what appeals to you most — be it the art treasures of Florence, the scenic grandeur of the Black Forest, or the shops of Paris.

But when you marvel over your last "sight," pack your last souvenir (soft kid gloves, perhaps, from Paris' famous shopping street, Rue de Rivoli) don't imagine your holiday of a lifetime is over.

You have the homeward voyage in the Himalaya to look forward to — visiting Lisbon, Casablanca, Dakar, and Cape Town.

And remembering.

South Pacific Treasure Cruise

TWO dreams come true if you are aboard the P & O liner Himalaya when she sails on our 17-day South Pacific Cruise next February.

One is your long-cherished dream to see the romantic South Seas islands. The other depends on your luck. You see, our tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters, who arranged our first cruise to the South Seas, have planned a shipboard treasure hunt for two round-the-world tickets worth \$6000 (including \$400 spending money).

The lucky passenger who finds our treasure will receive the prize at a fancy-dress "Pirates' Ball" held just before the ship arrives in Auckland — the last port of call.

But this isn't the only "treasure"! Look at the price — only \$292 from Sydney to Sydney (or \$N.Z.310 from N.Z. to N.Z.).

For this you'll enjoy wonderful service in a one-class ship. (Your fare covers accommodation in a six-berth cabin; two-, three-, or four-berth cabins are available.)

You will also enjoy the itinerary, carefully planned to capture the full enchantment of the South Pacific.

You'll visit Noumea, capital of the romantic island of French New Caledonia; Lautoka and Suva, in Fiji; and, lastly, Auckland, which your New Zealand shipmates will have told you all about.

Ask your travel agent for the color brochure, which outlines the low price and the convenient connections to and from all capital cities and Auckland.



Why go grey when you're looking for white?

When you're looking for the whitest white in a flat plastic paint, or a semi-gloss or a full gloss, you can count your choices on one finger: Dulux* 'Vivid White'. More people buy Dulux 'Vivid White' than ordinary whites because of the strikingly clean fresh whiteness of 'Vivid White'.

Rich colours look richer against a Dulux 'Vivid White' background. And unlike ordinary whites, Dulux 'Vivid Whites' don't show their age. So why go grey?

Ask for Dulux 'Vivid White' instead.

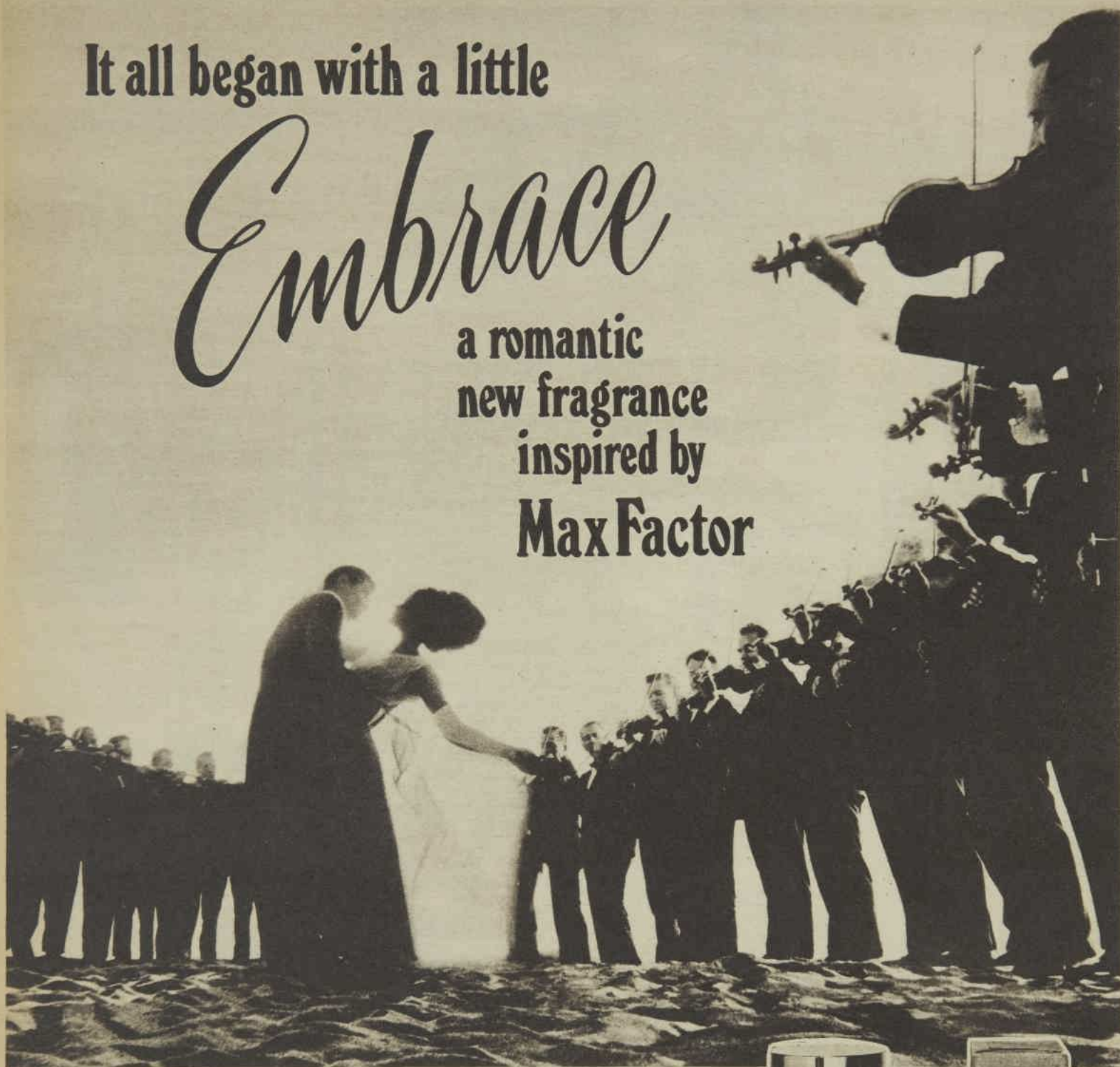


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All that is new in the air begins with Embrace,
a romantic new fragrance by Max Factor.
Splash it on, spray it on, smooth it on *all over* . . .
things will never be the same again.

Embrace comes to you as Parfum Cologne, \$2.45;
Bath Powder, \$1.75; Spray Mist Cologne, \$3.00;
All-Over Fragrance, \$3.00.

And a special introductory size cologne only 50c.

Embrace, a new fragrance by **Max Factor**



Just a downhill stroll

By M. N. Brown

THERE is nothing like a couple of weeks at sea for enhancing the pleasures of walking, with your two flat feet on mother earth. So when our ship docked in Cape Town we were off like eager hounds.

First, in the morning, we did the city sights, and after lunch joined the queue for a bus to Table Mountain, enjoying the ten-minute wait in the warm sunshine watching the passersby. Then we were on our way to the city outskirts.

At the bus terminus we changed to a mini-bus, which took us as far as the foot of the cable-car that runs to the top of the Mountain.

A car came down and disgorged its passengers. The head of the queue before us disappeared through a door. This brought us almost to the ticket office, and we read the charges, "1 Rand Return. 70 cents single."

"How about walking down?" asked Dick, his Scottish soul rebelling at the extravagance of paying to ride downhill.

I agreed. A gentle walk down would provide an opportunity to admire the views. Our turn at the ticket office.

"Two singles please." "Single!" The evident astonishment in the clerk's voice caused a little stir of curiosity in the queue behind, but Dick stuck to his request.

The official rummaged under his desk, then through a couple of drawers. I felt a little self-conscious, and a little uneasy at the obvious lack of demand for singles. At last we had our tickets and we went through the door to the wooden cable-car.

No doubt the steel cables were properly tested and adequate for the job, but they did look a bit thin disappearing up and away into the distance. We moved to the front of the car and we were off.

I turned and looked back and down — my stomach came up and hit me under the chin. What a view! Thousands of feet, and not a thing between us and the bottom but a thin wooden floor and a wire rope.

Fortunately we reached the station without mishap. Straight away I made a bee-line for the tearoom — I needed a reviving cup — and then we strolled around, awestruck by the immense panoramic views, the city below, the sea, and ships — and far off the mountains of Africa.

On our circuit we inquired from the cafe proprietor for the pathway down.

"Try the chap at the kiosk," he advised. "He is a mountaineer."

The mountaineer looked a little askance, or did we only imagine that? He took us to the door and pointed out the



FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN there is an immense panorama of country, sea, and city. The steel cables for the cable-car run above the rock face, and Cape Town's outer suburbs appear on the right.

beginning of the track we must take.

"Follow that," he said, "until you come to this gorge and go down there." Very helpfully he showed us a color transparency of the gorge, adding, "It will take you a couple of hours, and be sure you are down before dark."

As we walked away from the kiosk the 5.45 p.m. siren blew, warning everyone that the last cable-car was due to leave. It was too late now to change our minds, and any doubts of the coming walk were overborne in my mind by relief at not having to repeat the dizzying experience of the cable-car ride.

It was beautiful walking on the top of Table Mountain and the going was easy enough to allow enjoyment of the grandeur. After about three-quarters of a mile we came to the mouth of the

on my mind. The ship sailed at midnight, and already we seemed to have been coming down the mountain for hours. I could not see my watch and dared not ask, fearing that we were too late even now.

Startlingly, a fresh distraction, Cape Town switched on the floodlights which shine on Table Mountain — a green glow far below, and no help to us, as they did not penetrate into the gorge. In fact, to Dick in the lead, they were an added hazard, for one of the lights momentarily in his line of vision was blinding.

Now we were down to the treeline, an encouraging sign of downward progress, but all too soon the trees thickened, cutting out the light of the moon. The line of the track was invisible, but we had to go on.

"Listen — running water."

● Table Mountain was a dizzying ride up — but a long and weary trek down

gorge and started the descent. It was much rougher. We had to pick our way over loose stones and round boulders.

The sinking sun gave pink and golden tones to the top of the gorge above our heads, and underfoot the stones grew larger. It was like a staircase of boulders.

We sat down to rest a moment. How still it was! "Lucky," said Dick, "there will be a three-quarter moon tonight, which will give sufficient light to see the track."

We started down again, and before we had covered much ground it was dark. Down we went, slithering and jumping. Certainly the moon showed the direction of the path, but not in enough detail to show what we were putting our feet on next. Dick's leather moccasins and my suede walking-shoes were inadequate for the terrain.

A single thought pressed

"Better try farther over there."

Cautiously Dick went forward, with me stumbling on his heels. He stopped, as well he might. We were at the top of a waterfall.

I blindly followed my leader as he explored the possibilities of an exit. We got away, up and over, and slid down either side of three huge rocks, and, fortunately for my wilting nerves and stamina, the worst was over.

The subsequent track was a reasonable path through the woods, not a boulder-strewn precipice.

What was that? A dog barked. It sounded deep-throated and fierce, but who cared when it surely meant some habitation?

Another 100 yards, another bend, and we were out of the trees on the road. The relief was overwhelming. I could have kissed that road, in fact I very nearly did — my knees were like jellies

after the prolonged downward movement.

We still had two miles to reach the bus terminus, but to be off the mountainside and on a good sealed road was everything.

Several cars passed and then we came to one parked while the owners enjoyed the panorama of lights. We inquired how far it was to the bus. The mistrustful reception of our question brought home to us the peculiarity of appearances — madness or crime must have suggested themselves as explanations for our materialisation out of the dark.

We walked on and five minutes later the same car caught us up: "Would you care for a lift? That is, if you don't mind the squash."

Mind the squash! I would have been happy to accept the roof-rack.

In minutes we were at the bus stop, murmuring inadequate thanks for a great kindness to two dubious foreign characters.

The bus was not over-illuminated, but even subdued lighting reminded me of my probable disreputable appearance. My nylons, I knew without looking, were shredded to threads, but what about the seat of my linen skirt? Surreptitiously I twisted the waistband round and looked down — surprise and relief! There was no gaping hole.

In fact, apart from a thick layer of dust, we looked little the worse for the trip, and by 9.30 our feet were firmly on the gangway of the ship.

After a wash and a drink we went on deck to stand at the rail, admiring the spectacle of the floodlit Table Mountain, from the right side of the lights this time.

"Looks grand," said an acquaintance. "Been up?"

"Yes," we replied modestly. "We've just climbed down."

"You what?" If the deckrail had been any lower I think he would have fallen overboard.

Your best protection is our brand name.

BAND-AID Brand is the name for the Johnson & Johnson range of adhesive dressings. There are other adhesive dressings, but there is only one BAND-AID Brand. For your family's sake be sure you ask for and get only genuine BAND-AID Brand adhesive dressings.



Johnson & Johnson

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LULUBELLE



"All right, I WAS talking in class—but we have freedom of speech, don't we?"

Elisa



COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● Antique clock.

I WONDER if you can tell me anything about my wall clock (left) which I bought at a second-hand stall at a fete about 35 years ago? The face of the clock is covered with a fine gold tracery pattern and the figure, which I take to be Venus, is beautifully tinted. I enclose a sketch of the markings. — Mrs. L. Gunther, Wangaratta, Vic.

Your richly embellished clock bears the Vienna porcelain mark and was made about 1875 to 1885.

I HAVE a pair of porcelain vases, a picture is enclosed (below). They have been in our possession for more than 50 years. They are light green in color and the embossments are white. They are 10in. high and I am unable to find a maker's name or mark. The base has a circle of bluebell design. Could they be American? — K. J. Watkin, Toorak, Vic.

Yes, your ornamental ewer-shaped vases could be American, and are probably Portobello ware made about 1870.

AN elderly friend, who is now 87 years old, gave me a vase which is said to have been first owned by Queen Victoria's



● American vase.

mother. It was said to have been given to Queen Victoria's lady-in-waiting when she left her service; then to her daughter, and then to my friend, who has passed it on to me. I looked up a reference in the encyclopedia. They describe a vase like mine as "Berard Palissy". Some are supposed to have the initials "C C" on them; others haven't. Mine has. I enclose a sketch. — Mrs. P. Woodbridge, Guildford, N.S.W.

Original examples of Palissy majolica ware are exceedingly rare. It is impossible for me to express an opinion re your jug by your description. It would be necessary for me to personally examine the jug. I must state that reproductions or imitations of Palissy were made throughout the 19th century.

It's time women had a little more comfort.

This is it:



soft impressions.

Now Kimberly-Clark have come up with a completely new kind of feminine napkin. A new surface. Dimpled. Still with the absolute protection of the polythene panel but with the soft comfort of a texture that takes moisture down below the surface. Would you think such a small thing could make such a big difference to a woman's comfort?

Well—this is what women said to us:

"So much better. More absorbent and softer."

"More comfortable because they stay in shape."

"Why didn't someone think of this before?"

"This is the first time I've found complete protection and complete comfort. Congratulations!"

So, at last, you can have complete protection and soft comfort as well!



Kotex
FEMININE NAPKINS
soft impressions



*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp. KK8004

Hot cheese puffs win \$10 prize

● If you have extra egg-whites left over, use them to make the tasty Hot Cheese Puffs which win this week's main prize of \$10 in our regular recipe contest. They are light and delicious and when cooked have a centre of hot melted cheese. Good for snacks or savories, they are quite substantial enough to serve as a vegetarian meal.

Consolation prizes of \$2 each are awarded for an unusual fish casserole and a tangy custard pie.

HOT CHEESE PUFFS

1 lb. cheddar cheese
4 1/2 tablespoons self-raising flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
5 egg-whites
1 cup dry breadcrumbs
oil for frying

Combine in basin grated cheese, sifted flour, salt and pepper. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Fold into cheese mixture. Drop dessert-spoonfuls into dry breadcrumbs and shape into balls while rolling in crumbs. Heat oil in heavy pan, deep-fry cheese balls until golden brown, approx. 1/2 minute. Lift out with slotted spoon and drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot. Makes approx. 2 dozen.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. Medlen, 5 Woodchester Road, Nollamara, Western Australia 6061.

GERMAN CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lb. fish fillets
1 onion
2 oz. butter
2 tablespoons plain flour
2 cups milk
salt and pepper
3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 lb. potatoes
2 tablespoons dry breadcrumbs
1 tablespoon extra butter
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
paprika

Poach fish fillets gently in the milk until cooked; drain and cool. Reserve milk. Flake fish-meats with a fork; discard bones.

Peel and chop onion. Melt butter in pan and saute onion until tender. Stir in flour, cook 1 minute; gradually add reserved milk and stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, stir in salt, pepper, parsley, cheese, and lemon juice.

Peel and wash potatoes; cut into thin slices. Arrange layers of potato slices and fish meat alternately in a large greased casserole, ending with potato layer. Pour cheese sauce slowly

over. Sprinkle top with bread-crumbs and paprika, dot with extra butter. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours, until potato is tender and top nicely browned. Serves 6.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. A. N. Currie, Sennitts Road, Monbulk, Victoria 3793.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE

6 oz. shortcrust or biscuit pastry
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup plain flour
1 oz. melted butter
pinch salt
2 eggs, separated
grated rind and juice 1 lemon
1 cup milk

Line 8 in. tart plate with pastry, decorate edges.

Sift together flour and salt into mixing bowl, add sugar.

Beat egg-yolks, add melted butter and stir into dry ingredients until well blended. Fold in lemon rind and juice and milk.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, and fold through.

Pour mixture gently into uncooked pastry case, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes, until golden brown.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Maystone, Box 593, Griffith, N.S.W. 2680.



Danish Pastries are easy when you use White Wings Refrigerated Orange Danish Flaky Rolls



The natural goodness of fresh Dairy Butter and wholesome ingredients of White Wings cake mixes, Poppin' Fresh refrigerated dough products and silk-sifted SR and Plain Flour add up to the very best for your family.

ORANGE DANISH TWIST

1 pkt White Wings Orange Danish
2 oz walnuts
2 oz glace cherries

Open White Wings Orange Danish as directed, separate and unroll each round. Make four strips by joining one strip to the other. Place the four strips beside each other, join at one end and seal with rolling pin. Plait the four strips, place on a greased oven tray and seal ends with rolling pin. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 25-30 mins. Remove from tin and cool. Spread icing on plait and decorate with walnuts and cherries.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUDD



The Great new Butter/White Wings \$11,000 BAKE-OFF



Sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Limited.



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\$5050
\$4,750 cash plus a Metters range!



5 SECTION WINNERS!
\$750
Cash and a Metters range for each of five section winners!

\$10
Best recipe entered each week wins a cash prize of \$10.

25 SPECIAL MERIT AWARDS OF \$50
\$1250
25 Special Merit Awards each win \$50.

THE BEST JUNIOR ENTRY WINS \$250
The best junior entry wins \$250 cash plus a Metters gas or electric range!

SECTION 1 CAKES. Cake recipe using Butter and White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour.

SECTION 2 DESSERTS. Hot or cold. You must use Butter, White Wings Flour and state number of servings.

SECTION 3 BISCUITS AND PIES. Use Butter and White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour.

SECTION 4 MAIN COURSE DISH. For recipes using Butter, White Wings Flour and featuring other typical Australian ingredients.

SECTION 5 BUSY LADY RECIPES. Quick recipes for busy ladies using White Wings Yellow or Chocolate Butter-cake mixes—plus your favourite Butter. Alternatively, enter recipes using Butter and White Wings Poppin' Fresh refrigerated dough products.

The International Judges and Finalists will stay at Melbourne's

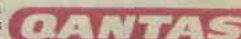
Southern Cross

Enter as many sections recipes as you like—you could wind up '68 BAKE-OFF Grand Champion at October Grand Finals—with all that lovely money!

INTERNATIONAL JUDGES:

Dublin's Monica Sheridan and Italy's Edoardo Moglia will be Bake-Off judges. Graham Kerr will Chair the judging panel.

Judges will jet to Australia by QANTAS, Australia's Overseas Airline.



Simply write out your favourite recipe/s and send to:
'68 BUTTER/WHITE WINGS BAKE-OFF
P.O. Box 63, Chippendale, N.S.W. 2008

Note: Recipes must include name of recipe, ingredients, quantities, method of making up, baking time and temperature (gas or electric). Professional Chefs & Home Economists ineligible. Entries close August 9th.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

POSTCODE _____

Tick sections in which your recipes are entered:

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5

If not yet 18 on August 9 place tick in box ☐

How to go about . . .

Moving a tree or shrub

● Consider moving a tree or shrub that is in the way. It may be just what's needed in another part of the garden.

SOME shrubs and trees won't survive root damage if moved, but most make a good recovery if handled carefully, and moved when comparatively dormant.

Midwinter is the safest time for most. Exceptions are semi-tropical or warmth-loving trees such as gardenias, acalyphas, and, in cool districts, hibiscus and citrus. The latter two would be best moved in early spring, when the worst of the cold is over but before new growth starts.

Move conifers in late autumn. Winter is second choice, and fairly safe. They move comparatively easily if not too large.

Trees that rarely survive moving include many native eucalypts, wattles,

With care, very large trees can be moved successfully. In Japan, a small forest of native ginkgos was moved to landscape the Olympic Games, but there is a limit to the size of tree worth moving, especially for the home gardener.

Apart from effort and manpower needed, the shock may be so great, that although the tree survives, it makes poor growth and never picks up.

Large trees should be conditioned gradually before a move. Mark a circle around them with a radius about four times the diameter of the trunk. Divide the circle into six or eight segments, and remove the soil in about a foot-wide trench from alternate segments.

The trenched sections are refilled with well-composted soil and fertiliser after jagged roots have been cleanly trimmed. Three to six months later, trench the remaining segments and treat as the first.

The soil within this circle is kept well watered, and new root growth mats in it. Later, a wide trench can be made outside this area, the newly formed root ball wrapped in hessian, base roots severed, and the tree finally lifted.

This is rather too involved for most home gardeners, but there is a modified version. For example, roots of the tree to be moved, could be severed gradually.

First place a few short stakes to mark a circle round the trunk, its radius about four times the trunk's diameter. Thus a tree with a trunk 3in. across would be surrounded by a circle 12in. in radius or 24in. diameter — involving quite a weight of soil.

SMALL TREES. Plants such as thin-stemmed, tall camellias should have this circle a minimum of 7in. from the trunk. Young camellias could be lifted right away, but for more doubtful ones, try this: Spade down almost vertically, but sloping slightly under the plant, to full spade depth, at alternate spacings around the circle. The idea is to cut half the lateral roots.

A few months later, if it is a safe time to make the move, spade the entire circle again, this time an inch or so outside rather than inside the mark.

Where the soil ball is only about 14in. across, the plant usually can be lifted by spading around again and levering up gradually. Slip the root ball on to a sheet of canvas or hessian and carry the plant on this to its new prepared site. The new hole needs to be 1ft. wider than the root ball, or there will be no room to pack properly with soil, and dry air spaces may prevent new roots from developing. Make sure that the tree is not replanted deeper than before.

LARGE TREES AND SHRUBS. Here, the depth of the initial spading needs to be deeper—about the same as the radius of the surrounding cut. This calls for a trench rather than spade cuts.

Most deciduous trees can be dug and moved safely in one operation, but for large evergreens it is safer to trench about halfway around the tree, taking out a segment on either side. Cut large roots cleanly with a pruning saw.

Fill in for at least a few months, then open the complete trench when ready to move the tree. This trench will need to be widened to 18in. or so in two or three sections, allowing room to spade under and cut roots below the soil ball.

Also, cut well down on one side, forming a ramp so the tree can be manoeuvred out more easily.

After cutting in well under the root ball, rock the plant on to one side. Try moving it by levering below the

root ball with a stout pole, using a wide piece of board to spread its force so it doesn't bite into soil and roots.

Once the tree is movable, rock it on to a sheet of canvas or hessian and drag it out. The correct procedure is to wrap the root ball carefully in hessian, then bind with stout ropes which are tied to a hessian-bound part of the trunk. Lash lengths of timber under these ropes as carriers.

If the move is only a short one, the tree can be half dragged, half carried on a bag without elaborate wrapping.

You can spade off a fair amount of the outer soil on deciduous trees, but for evergreens keep the root ball as intact as possible.

Points to note: Whether a tree is dormant or not, you must keep the roots moist during the move. If there is any delay, hose frequently with a fine spray, or cover with wet sacking.

When moving a plant, the soil should be just damp. The root ball will then hold together easily.

When a plant's root area has been suddenly reduced, it will have a better chance of survival if the top growth is pruned back to reduce foliage. This lessens the demand on the roots.

Remove about two-thirds of the foliage of a large evergreen, pulling leaves off if you don't want to cut branches. Remove young, sappy growth, as this is the most demanding—although the move should be carried out before this appears.

Young evergreens such as camellias won't need pruning if moved carefully.

Vigorous top canes of deciduous trees are usually shortened by two-thirds.

Roots of azaleas and rhododendrons are close to the surface. In this case spade well out, if possible almost to below the outer foliage, but go down only about 5in. Then slant in nearly laterally below the plant.

Lift gradually all round until it moves freely, then slide on to a sheet of galvanised iron or a wide board.

By ALLAN SEALE

most grevillias, banksias, pittosporums, and imports such as luculia, virgilia, baubinia, daphne, psoralias, diosmas, etc.

The surest are the deciduous trees moved when dormant, but many hard-leaved evergreens are also reasonably safe: Camellias, citrus, cotoneaster, azaleas, holly, hibiscus, most viburnums, raphiolepis, abelias, oleanders. The last two, especially, need to be cut fairly well back.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 276

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 277

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Here's a name that every baby loves . . .

The name is NAPPEE—it spells freedom from the scalding misery of nappy rash. NAPPEE contains the wonder antiseptic AMPHOLENE which kills the bacteria responsible for nappy rash and deodorises at the same time. Just add liquid NAPPEE to the final rinse. Your Baby's nappies remain soft, fluffy, fragrant and germ-free. There is no need to boil nappies when you use NAPPEE. It's not hard to see why NAPPEE is a name every baby loves. At only one cent a day, you too will love the name NAPPEE.

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"I am delighted with your NAPPEE product". Mrs. G.G., Goomeri, Queensland.

"I couldn't begin to tell you how many people have commented on the softness, whiteness and pleasant smell of my nappies". Mrs. P.T. Ermington, N.S.W.

"I am writing to let you know what a wonderful product NAPPEE is". L. McC., Kulmura, N.S.W.

These are extracts from letters received by Velvalene Products Pty. Ltd., and may be inspected upon request.

NAPPEE is now available throughout Australia at leading Supermarkets, Grocery Stores and Chemists. Another fine product from Velvalene Products Pty. Ltd. Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane.

What if the boss merely ate that neatly typed report you just gave him or the Chief Accountant kept wanting drinks of water or plaster for his teddy bear's nose . . .

WELL, HOW WOULD OFFICE WORKERS LIKE IT?

... asks a reader from Western Australia, who longs for office-like routine in her housewifely days.

WHENEVER I go into the city to shop or visit the dentist I always come home in an extremely unsettled state of mind, having caught a nostalgic and unsettling glimpse of that wonderful world of offices and stores where people work.

I'm not suggesting that what goes on in most Australian homes every day isn't toil—even hard labor—but it isn't work in that special sense of giving specific services in return for money. Nor is it services rendered at a given time, generally from nine till five, five days a week, and under supervision.

What wouldn't I give to return to those blissful days of sailing forth every morning and returning at night, knowing I had done my bit—"earned my living," as they say, as if we domestic slaves on our suburban treadmills were ladies of leisure who earned nothing.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am not asking to be paid for my services as wife and mother. What I long for is direction, routine, and supervision.

I want someone to tell me what to do and when. I want someone to shout at me when the dishes are still in the sink at half-past nine, someone to say, "Oh, Mrs. Hayden, when you've finished those beds would you get down to cleaning those windows. I want them ready for signature before lunch."

I confided this longing of mine to my usually sympathetic husband. All I got from him was, "Well, why don't you pretend that you are back at work. That should help you get into a routine."

So I did. But I ask you—how much work would the average secretary get done if the Chief Accountant kept coming in and asking for a drink of water, or a cuddle, or sticking-plaster for his teddy bear's nose?

Or how would the Chief Accountant cope if his secretary was a schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur about being the Fairy Queen, and insisted that he fell to the floor in a trance every time she waved her magic wand?

This is the sort of thing which happened to me all the time during my "working" day.

Before you office workers start to smile at my ridiculous analogies, pointing out the satisfaction I should get from caring for my children compared with the frustration of endless pieces of paper, just stop sipping that cup of coffee for a moment, and think.

Imagine that you have just worked for an hour, typing up a report. It's immaculate, not a single mistake. Line ends are neat, a beautifully laid out title page. There it is, sitting on your boss' desk, waiting for his perusal and praise.

How would you feel if he cut it up and ate it, without a second glance at the perfection you'd achieved, and left just a few fragments of paper lying on the desk as a reminder that you were expected to provide another one for his consumption as soon as possible?

Because that is the tragedy of woman's work. Nothing done ever stays done.

Here's another example. You've finished the filing for the day. Every scrap of paper has been assigned to its right place. The cabinets are closed, and you are ready to go home.

Would you be able to go with a cheerful heart and a sense of work well done if you knew that when you came back tomorrow every cabinet would be wide open, every letter you had so carefully filed away would be strewn on the floor, covered in coffee stains and congealed egg-yolk? And you must sort them all, clean them up, re-file them, even before you looked at the new pile of work in the In tray.

Remember, too, that no one can make the office worker do anything which isn't specifically his or her job. If the lift man doesn't turn up, the filing clerk can't be made to operate it. The tea lady has no fears that she will suddenly find herself in the Managing Director's office with a dictation pad on her knee, trying to keep up with a hundred words a minute.

That day I spent "pretending" to be at work I couldn't decide whether I was a chef, refrigerator repair man, washer-up, chauffeur, stoker, valet, gardener, waitress, washerwoman, interior decorator, teacher, or nanny. That's not to mention my evening jobs of book-keeper, geisha, and shoe-shine boy.

Now if that isn't exploitation of labor, I don't know what is. In fact, it's as good as slavery, unpaid and subject to an unbreakable contract. Come to think of it, a contract signed and sealed when the parties to it were in a state of elation bordering on insanity.

I'd better stop or I'll be charging down to the divorce courts and the labor exchange; and, on second thoughts, I don't really want to go to either.

You see, you wage earners don't have the best of everything by any means. For a start, when you have flu, a roaring temperature, and a raging headache, does your boss appear at your bedside with a hot-water bottle, aspirin, and a stiff brandy? Mine does!

—Pat Hayden

Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children?

Let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly! The moral for grown-ups: Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's.

Free: send for generous sample to Dept. A101, 121 Cremorne St., Richmond, Vic., 3121.

LAX101WW

And a Queensland housewife who finds the housework goes to pot because she can't stop reading wants to know:

Is there a Bookworms Anonymous?

HERE I am, surrounded by unmade beds, undusted cupboards, and a mountain of ironing that towers over everything.

The cause of all this? Those fascinating, time-consuming, just-have-to-be-read books, magazines, periodicals; even the wrapping round the vegetables that just has to be studied.

The time has come to take a stand. I am fed up with doing jobs in a rush at the last minute because I have spent the previous hour digesting the latest article on current affairs.

The problem is for me to find a way to organise myself without giving up my precious reading.

Oh, the times I have just been going to take a quick peep at a chapter, and then found that what was a spare five minutes has turned into a stolen two hours.

The rushing, hurrying, and dithering over a dozen jobs at once leaves me exhausted and vowing that all my reading will, in future, be done at night.

Certainly, the pleasure and knowledge gained is enormous and self-satisfying, but how hard it is to explain this to my husband while I madly iron a shirt for him five minutes before he is due at a meeting.

Or to talk gaily of books while I see my visitor's eyes scan the undusted tables!

Like an alcoholic closing his eyes to a drink, or an overweight fatty reaching for a cream cake and then settling for a cracker, I am determined to "slim" my reading intake and to find the strength to bypass that book so tantalisingly close.

But I do need help, a Bookworms Anonymous I can call on when I feel temptation near.

There must be some who have conquered this problem, who could set me on the road to being tidy; methodical people who can dust a book without opening it.

Now I really must go and make those beds—that is, if I can close my eyes to the books on the bedside table!

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New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases —not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

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CONTEST



PICK THE PRIZE YOU WANT TO WIN

There's never been a contest like it!

1001 prizes in 18 categories to be won—and you only compete against entries for the prize category you pick! Enter for several — there's no limit on entries provided each is on a separate entry form*. So once you've worked out your answer you can use it to enter for *all* the prizes you'd like.

Here's all you have to do

Complete the limerick in the entry form. Check the prize list below and write the Category No. of your choice in the entry form. Write your name and address and enclose the top flap of a New Blue OMO packet top*.

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- | | | |
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| <p>Category Number</p> <p>1 One Pride Marine 2-berth Cabin Cruiser with 65 h.p. Evinrude Motor and Molloy Trailer.</p> <p>2 Fifty Sunbeam Frypans.</p> <p>3 Two Holden Premiers.</p> <p>4 Five Kelvinator 12 cu. ft. Push-Button Defrost Refrigerators.</p> <p>5 Five Mink Stoles by Cornelius.</p> <p>6 Three hundred Shelta Beach or Garden umbrellas.</p> | <p>Category Number</p> <p>7 Four "Blue Pacific" Hayman Island Holidays (2 wks. for 2).</p> <p>8 Five Hoover Keymatic Washing Machines.</p> <p>9 University fees (for one) plus books for 1 year in any faculty.</p> <p>10 Twenty Kodak Instamatic Movie Cameras.</p> <p>11 One hundred Park Lane evening purses.</p> <p>12 Five Honda Motor Scooters.</p> | <p>Category Number</p> <p>13 Ten Sunbeam Mixmasters.</p> <p>14 Four hundred and eight Namco Patio Chairs.</p> <p>15 Five 11" A.W.A. Portable TV. Sets.</p> <p>16 Fifty Sunbeam Hairdryers.</p> <p>17 Ten Singer "Blue Magic" Sewing Machines.</p> <p>18 Twenty 42-piece Rosenthal dinner services.</p> |
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Winners in each category will receive the prize listed.

(e.g. 50 winners in category 2 will each receive a Sunbeam Electric Frypan and so on.)

Conditions of Entry:

You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be on the Official Entry form*. Entries will be judged on aptness of selection of first line, originality and neatness. All entries must be received not later than September 30, 1968. The contest will be judged by a panel of 5 highly qualified judges. Their decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified by mail and a complete list of winners will be available on request.

*Open to all residents of Australia except employees and their families of Lever & Kitchen Pty. Ltd., its Associated Companies and their Agencies. Where local legislation prohibits requirement of proof of purchase as a condition precedent to entry an OMO packet top is not required. Instead, entrants from these States should include a hand drawn facsimile of the OMO packet top and may submit their entry on a plain sheet of paper. Entries may also be made on the entry forms to be found in your store.

ENTRY FORM

Complete the limerick below by selecting whichever of these four lines in your judgement *best suits* the *second* line missing from the limerick.

*Who spent her spare time writing verse.
Who in off-duty moments sometime wrote verse.
Who went around the wards quoting verse.
She is better, however, at verse.*

Then write in your *own* fourth line to complete the limerick.

"There once was a lady, a nurse

She wrote just one line

And substantially boosted her purse."

Prize Category Number I would like.....

NAME:

ADDRESS:

STATE:

POSTCODE:

Send to: OMO 'Pick 'n Win' Box 4326, GPO SYDNEY, NSW 2001

L321



ALONE IN THE DARK

By
**JEAN E.
TURNLEY**

GEORGE came back to the car window from peering helplessly into the bonnet. "I'll have to get help. Have you got a five-cent piece? We passed a phone-box a bit back."

"Oh—!" Phillipa sat up, scrambling around for her bag, "—will I...?"

"No—I'll be quicker on my own. Thanks. You'll be OK. I won't be long. The garage bloke will probably get here first. Wind up the windows, Phil, and you'd

better leave the headlights on. On dim, anyway. We're stuck out here like a shag on a rock! You don't want to get bowled!"

George sighed. She heard his footsteps crunching away into the night.

Phillipa peered out the window. There was little to see on either side, only the dim outline of dark houses, set far back on the wide road. Not a light shining anywhere! It was very late, after one o'clock. She tried to remember how far back the phone-box had been... couldn't remember...

She came to with a start and looked at her watch in the dashboard. George had been gone nearly half an hour! The wretched phone must be out of order! Of course—it's always in the papers—vandals tearing out phones in booths—gangs screaming around in hepped-up old bombs, bent on destroying! Only this morning, Phillipa's cleaning woman had been telling her about a girl being assaulted in a phone-box out her way.

It was awfully dark. She reached around to the doors and made sure they were all locked, moved into the driver's seat, and sank down low with her head in the seat corner.

Goodness only knows how much farther the next phone-box was! Poor George! What devils these vandals were, going around wrecking phones. Hoodlums... like the ones on television, black leather jackets, tight pants, long, sloppy hair!

Approaching headlights lit the windscreen and Phillipa lifted her head. But the car dashed by—an old model, battered, some silly young fools helloo-ing as they shot past. The wind of their passing rocked her own car and made her feel exposed and vulnerable.

Then, just after the car passed, the engine seemed to falter and—Oh, no! Phillipa put her hand up to her mouth, in sudden fear, as she heard the car stop with the scream of brakes and then it churned into reverse.

They were coming back. She crouched lower on the seat, her heart thumping, as a voice yelled roughly, "Hey!" and something else, but she made no move. Someone jumped down from the other car and feet crunched across the road. A hand grasped the back-door handle. "She's locked!"

This shout was received with a burst of men's laughter and then more feet tramped across the road. Then the car was violently rocked and Phillipa nearly fell from the seat. They're trying to spring the doors! Oh, George! Where are you? Why don't you come?

There were a couple of dull thumps. "Good tyres!" she heard. Dear heaven, were they going to start stripping the car where it stood? Heavy footsteps passed along her side and someone went around the front. Holding her breath she raised herself an inch to get a glimpse of him in the headlights. What she saw sent a stab of fear to her heart. A hulking fellow, in a leather jacket, a swarthy face bent over the bonnet.

The man was poking at the bonnet. Then a voice grated in Phillipa's ear and she knew another one must be standing close alongside. She felt he must surely hear the pounding of her heart. "She opens from inside—hey, Nick! She lifts from inside!"

The one in front raised his



A delicious, spiced sauce full of brown onions simmered in butter

Very French: the dazzling flavour of dark brown onions turned to gold in butter, whisked into a spicy sauce, set to simmering until perfect. Maggi Brown Onion Sauce is a bold sauce, a basic sauce, one you will use again and again. Just add water, then heat. (*Gourmet-tastes, try adding a spoon of burgundy or claret as you heat, and a little cream just before you serve! Bolder yet!*)

Brown Onion Sauce

MAGGI



4 TO 6 SERVES

Veal Australasia

Fry 4 large veal chops in a little oil until golden. Drain off excess fat. Combine 1 pkt. MAGGI BROWN ONION SAUCE and ½ pint water. Pour over chops. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Add ½ lb. sliced beans and 1 x 10 oz. can drained whole kernel corn. Cover and simmer until beans are tender, approximately 15 minutes. Serve with creamy mashed potato. Serves 4.

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head. "What? Oh — yair! Give her a go, then!"

"If I can get in—here, give us that a minute, Joey!"

Phillipa shrank back in fear. He was going to force the door! Then, with an abruptness too quick for words, a torch shone full in her face! She gasped, and the light dropped. Feet backed away, and there was a moment's frightened silence.

A voice said hoarsely, "There's a bird in there!"

Bird! She felt tremble and powerless to move; nevertheless, she had the urge to sit up and shout, "How dare you! I'm a respectable married woman!"

The man from the front of the car had joined his mates. He asked in a low voice, "What's up?"

Straining her ears Phillipa could only hear "bird" again, then perhaps "passed out," "by herself," and once one of them said loudly "Chicken!" There was a cackle of insolent laughter.

Slow steps approached her door and she pulled herself into a sitting position. A face pressed up against the glass and bold, black eyes stared down into her own. Hypnotised, she pressed back into the seat. The small angle window was partly open, it was stuck, and the man's voice came through it, flat and unemotional. "You all right, lady?"

They thought she was drunk—passed out at the wheel!

"Yes," she said, almost without any voice at all.

"By yourself?" What sinister concern!

"Yes—no! My husband—" more voice came, "—my husband is just—over there!" She gestured vaguely toward the houses.

"What's he doin'?" The voice was suspicious.

"He—he's making a call!"

He seemed to look sardonically over toward the dark, blank houses, where no light to welcome callers was apparent. "Who's he callin'?"

"The garage."

"Go on!"

"Yes." She bit her lips, she knew he did not believe her.

"They're coming any minute now—to fix the car."

"They are?" The mild voice played with her. "Reckon I could fix it for you . . . if you like. You just push the bonnet lever for me."

"I don't know where it is!"

"I'll show you. You just open the door!" The quiet voice was coaxing.

"There's no need," she said, "the man is coming. You can—you can just—go away!"

She was stiff with fear. He could force the door, and what could she do? Scream? Yes, just as soon as he started she would fly to the far window, wind it down, and scream. Someone in those houses must hear her!

But would they come to her aid? A girl screaming — at this hour of night? She's up to no good! Stay out of it!

She looked desperately toward the far window to the mute, dark houses, and saw, to her horror, that another of the youths had taken up his position close by it, leaning his back against the car. The moment she wound the window, he would grab her!

The one who had spoken to her had moved away a little to talk to a mate. How many were there—three—four? Even if George did come back—!

Out of the mumble of their conversation she heard distinctly, " . . . husband . . ." Then the scent of cigarette smoke.

"Want a cigarette, lady?" She hadn't noticed her tormentor sneak back. There was a chuckle behind him, and one of them drawled, "Get a load of old Nick, willya?"

"No!" she said sharply, closing her lips tight on another sob.

There was a car coming! Out of the dark, behind them, headlights swept over the car and a yellow utility went past and made a turn. The man beside Phillipa's window straightened up, cautiously. He said something to his mates, curtly, and the man on the far side began to move around toward him.

Now they'll go away! Oh, thank heaven!

But they didn't go. They were standing very still, and an air of wariness was in the attitude of the one close to her window.

An overcalled man got out of the utility. Just one man—one quite small man!

She had to warn him. He was walking right into it, coming confidently, carrying a large torch, with a brisk, professional air.

She got the window down, cried out to him, "Oh—I'm so glad you've come—but—" her voice cracked, "—do be—"

The little man looked toward her quickly, his head swung from one man to another.

"Wait!" she called, "Look—"

The man saw the youth looming over him, his torch swept up, he swung his other arm out and struck the vandal, playfully, on his leather jacket. "Good day, Nick! What are you doing here? Hi, Bill! Joey! How's tricks?" He stepped up to the window and looked in at Phillipa. "I don't

know what you want me for, lady! You've already got three of the best mechanics in town!"

All she could do was gulp and stammer, and then George was there. He, too, came over all brisk and capable. "Push the bonnet lever, Phil!"

And as they all moved, men-like, toward the front of the car, she heard the tall, dark, friendly one explaining to George, " . . . lonely spot . . . lady seemed scared stiff . . . lot of them hoods around . . . bashed up an old bloke last night . . . wrecked the phone-box . . . thought we'd better stay with her till her husband showed up!"

(Copyright)



What's so great about a new Vegetable Beef Soup with 10 fresh vegetables?

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2. And big, juicy pieces of prime beef.

1. This new Vegetable Beef Soup has potatoes, carrots, onions, cabbage, celery, peas, silverbeet, soya beans, haricot beans and green beans.



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Heartwarming casserole recipes from the Kraft Kitchen



CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE FRICASSEE

INGREDIENTS:

CHICKEN

2½ to 3 lb. chicken,
carved into 8 neat pieces
3 dessertspoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Good pinch pepper
2 oz. butter
2 chicken broth cubes,
dissolved in 2 cups hot water
1 tablespoon chopped
parsley.

Pinch mixed herbs
3 carrots, cut into ½ inch slices
and par-boiled
8 small white onions, peeled
and par-boiled

SAUCE

2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
Good pinch nutmeg
Good pinch cayenne pepper
4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese,
shredded

METHOD:

CHICKEN—Coat the chicken pieces in flour and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brown slowly in butter in a heavy casserole. Pour in chicken stock and add 1 dessertspoon of the parsley, mixed herbs, carrots and onions. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 1½ hours or until chicken is tender and vegetables are cooked. Arrange chicken, onions and carrots in a serving dish and keep warm. Reserve stock for sauce.

SAUCE—Mix flour and ⅓ cup of milk to a smooth paste, add to stock, stirring constantly. Gradually add remaining milk and bring to the boil, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add seasonings and shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and continue cooking gently until cheese has melted. Pour sauce over the chicken and vegetables and sprinkle with remaining parsley. 6 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



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And prepare for
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Cheddar casserole
they'll ask for more.

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ASPARAGUS & CHEESE BAKE

INGREDIENTS:

1 oz. butter
1 tablespoon flour
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese,
shredded
2 cups chopped, canned
asparagus, drained
4 hard boiled eggs, sliced

METHOD:

Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and cook a few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually and bring to the boil. Add seasonings and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Stir until cheese melts.

Arrange half the asparagus, eggs and sauce in layers in a greased casserole. Repeat layers. Sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375° Electric) for 20 to 25 minutes, or until heated through and top is golden brown.
5 servings.

LASAGNE

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. minced steak
1 medium onion, chopped
1 lb. 12 oz. can tomatoes
5 oz. can tomato paste
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
1¼ teaspoons salt
Pinch cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon oregano
6 oz. flat noodles
8 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese,
shredded
1 tablespoon KRAFT Grated
Parmesan Cheese

METHOD:

Fry meat and onion until brown, then add the tomatoes, tomato paste, parsley, garlic, salt, cayenne pepper and oregano. Bring to the boil; cover and simmer for 30 minutes or until meat is cooked. Meanwhile cook the noodles in plenty of boiling salted water for 20 minutes or until cooked. Drain and rinse well.

Layer the noodles, meat sauce and three quarters of the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese in a casserole. Repeat layers and sprinkle with the remaining shredded cheese and KRAFT Grated Parmesan Cheese. Reheat in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 15 to 20 minutes. 6 servings.

GOLDEN GLOW CASSEROLE

INGREDIENTS:

1 tablespoon oil
1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon chopped green
pepper
½ cup sliced celery
6 medium tomatoes, skinned
and chopped
1 teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne pepper
Pinch mixed herbs
6½ oz. can GREENSEAS® chunk
style Tuna
8 oz. spaghetti
1 oz. butter
6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese,
shredded

METHOD:

Heat oil in a frying pan and fry onion, green pepper and celery for 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, salt, cayenne pepper and mixed herbs. Simmer for 15 minutes. Add GREENSEAS Tuna and mix through sauce.

Meanwhile; cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Add butter and half the shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and toss well. Spoon into a casserole with the sauce and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Heat in a moderate oven (350°F Gas, 375°F Electric) for 20 minutes. 5 servings.



LATEST BAKE-OFF PRIZEWINNER

is an entrant in Section 5 of our contest

HAVE you sent in your recipe yet? You have two months more to do so. Don't forget there is over \$5000 to be won for the best recipe selected from any of the five sections.

And that is not the only prize. Though it is certainly the largest, there are many more, and all you

have to do to have a chance of winning one is fill in the entry coupon on page 31 and send it in together with your recipe. We do all the baking, both at entry and finals stages. You just have to send in your original recipe. Mark clearly which section it is intended for.

Are you known to your friends as a good pastry-maker? And do you make lots of luscious pies for your family? If so, you must

have some very tempting recipes in your files. Why not share them with us? You never know, you might win one of our prizes. There is a special section in the Bake-Off contest this year for pies and biscuits. Savory and sweet pies (and it's not essential that they have a pastry crust, either) are both eligible here.

The prize for this section, as in the other four sections, is \$750 cash plus a \$300 Metters range.

OUR fifth \$10 weekly progress prize is won by Mrs. A. L. McClare, 208 Winmalee Drive, Glen Waverley, Vic. 3150, for this recipe entered in Section 5 of our Bake-Off contest.

Turn to page 31 for details of our Bake-Off recipe contest.

ITALIAN PIZZA SCONES

1 packet White Wings refrigerated scones
anchovy fillets
stuffed olives
3oz. grated cheese

SAUCE

2 tablespoons butter
1 medium-sized onion
1 clove garlic
4 tablespoons tomato paste
½ teaspoon oregano
salt and pepper to taste

Remove scones from packet as directed. Place on greased and floured baking tray, allowing space between each for spreading. Make a well in centre of each scone and fill with sauce. Cover with grated cheese and top with chopped anchovy fillets and sliced, stuffed olives. Bake in a hot oven 12-15 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot.

Sauce: Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion and crushed garlic. Cook, stirring, until onion is soft but not brown. Add tomato paste, oregano, and salt and pepper, stir until smooth. Remove from heat.

HOME HINTS

\$2 each go to readers for these home hints.

Sew a sheet of clear plastic round three sides of the back of a coconut-fibre mat. Dirt which goes through the mat is trapped and can then be easily shaken out the unsewn end when you are sweeping the floor.—Mrs. D. Larmour, 69 Girraween Road, Girraween, N.S.W. 2145.

When packing soldiers' cakes, fill corners of the box with dried fruit and shelled nuts in plastic bags, then pack all the remaining space with wrapped sweets. The packing will prove as popular as the cake.—Mrs. B. Cook, Hume Street, Wodonga, Vic. 3690.

Cut buttonholes by laying the material flat on a piece of soap and cutting through the marked place with a razor blade. This gives a neat buttonhole and the slight trace of soap on the underside will keep material firmer for stitching.—D. Bartley, 94 Frankland St., Launceston, Tas. 7250.

Sprinkle grilling steak with paprika before cooking to increase flavor.—Miss Alison Rourke, cnr. Hardie and Mokare Sts., Spencer Park, Albany, W.A. 6330.

RIVETS



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Kelvinator's exclusive "Fingers of Water" wash for you. No beating clothes with blades! 180 jets of water act like fingers of water, for hand-wash gentleness with machine-cleaning power.



THIS TIME TOMORROW

Opening instalment of our
romantic two-part serial

IT was half-past three when Carter came up from the printing shop to Janet's office with a complaint. In her seven years with Hermes Direct Mail Advertising, Janet had noted that more things went wrong at 3.30 than at any other time. It was a kind of zero hour, when the relaxation of lunch had worn off and five o'clock was still not close enough for pleasant anticipation. Her own temper was likely to be short at 3.30, and she held on to it carefully as she watched the irascible little man approach her desk.

"Miss Terhune, look," he began, before he had quite reached her. "Are you still in charge of production, or have they put that new Mr. What's-his-name — Shore — over you?"

Janet was warily amused. The question was, of course, intended to arouse her resentment against Adam Shore, the recently hired copy-department head, and align her with Carter, to some purpose that would presently emerge.

It was only a year or so since Carter had stopped openly resenting her, muttering just within earshot about the insanity of those who had put a woman in charge of production — "and a young one at that" — and threatening to quit rather than sustain the indignity of a female boss another minute.

Carter would never quit while he had the strength to walk into the shop. He had been with Hermes since he was sixteen—a year younger than Janet's age when she first came to the firm many years later — and had climbed with painful persistence, unlike Janet's rocket rise, to head the shop. After twenty-eight years as foreman, he was as immovable in the job as one of the heavy machines under his supervision.

"You know I'm still in charge," Janet said to him now, and waited.

He stood with his short legs apart, and looked at Janet from under beetling grey eyebrows. "Well, if you are," he said, "how come Mr. What's-his-name Shore sends down complaints about match-ins?"

Janet sat back in her chair. Under the circumstances, almost anyone but Carter would have had to look away from that ice-blue gaze. He simply stared back at her with his fierce black button eyes until finally she had to grin, prematurely dissolving the ice.

"It won't work, Carter," she said. "I've been complaining about the match-ins all week. I have no intention of passing them through in order to show Mr. Shore his place."

Carter made a feeble last try. "Well, somebody ought to. He's got no right going over your head and sending down —"

"That's not your department," Janet broke in crisply. "You just find where the trouble is and see that we produce perfect match-ins from now on."

"OK, OK, no need to get a hornet in your scalp." He walked to the door with a rolling gait, and then paused to look at her over his shoulder. "You're a cool one." All at once he chuckled. She could hear him, still chuckling, as he went out past the stenographers' pool to the elevator.

Janet turned and stared out the window at the traffic crush of down-town New York. Her clean-



etched face looked suddenly vulnerable, the firm mouth softer, the level look turned inward.

A cool one, she thought. That's the trouble. That's what's wrong. Always the little separating coolness . . .

She turned impatiently, picked up the inter-office phone, and dialled Adam Shore's extension.

"This is Janet Terhune," she told him. "I'd like a word with you. Your office or mine?"

His voice had a slight, pleasant drawl, probably a quality of temperament, she thought, rather than region.

"Yours, of course. After all . . ." he said, and left it hanging. "But I'm knee-deep in copy right now. Half an hour?"

"I'll be knee-deep myself in half an hour."

Adam Shore chuckled. "Oh, well, let's not have an impasse. I'll be along in a couple of minutes."

Round one for Shore, Janet thought, annoyed with herself for making an issue of the half hour. She was behaving as childishly as Carter, allowing herself to be piqued because the new man had invaded her territory.

As a matter of fact, Shore had irritated her on his first day as new head of the copy department, when he had acknowledged their introduction with a look of amusement and drawled, "Head of production? Is that right?" his incredulity a shade short of flattering.

To page 42

"What do you mean, you may be in love with someone else?" Adam angrily demanded of Janet. "Can't you make up your mind?"

By
**GERTRUDE
SCHWEITZER**



Make The Rounds

Relieved of Periodic Pain

It's a busy, whirling life you lead as a modern woman. Here. There. Back here again. At home, on the job or out having fun, you certainly get around. No time to slow down... and you don't have to. Not even because of functional pain or distress. How? With MIDOL!

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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book explains womanhood's most common physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling to Dept. A, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115 (Sent in plain wrapper.)



FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

(Advertisement)

A Lovely Winter Complexion

Never underestimate the drying, wrinkling potentialities of a cold wind — especially where your face is concerned. Don't step out of the house unless you have first applied a layer of moist oil to your complexion. Smooth the isotonic moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck as a base beneath your make-up to smooth and beautify against wrinkle-dryness and ageing lines as well as protecting against harsh wind and weather.

... Margaret Merril

THIS TIME TOMORROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"Of course," he said, as though amazed that anyone would think otherwise.

"It's as inappropriate for you to go directly to the foreman as it would be for me to question one of your copy-writers."

"I can see that."

His ready agreement flustered her. "The shop resents your interference," she went on. "Your department would resent mine. And rightly, I think. No one wants to answer to more than one boss."

"Oh, well, it's all right then." He got out of the chair, seeming to unwind one segment at a time. "As long as it's not you who resents me." He paused as though expecting her to say something. "Of course I don't want to cause trouble," he continued then, sounding, now, as though he meant it. "If I spot any mis-match-ins hereafter, I'll see you first."

He went to the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned and smiled at her again.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight, Daffodil?"

Janet said stiffly, "I'm sorry. I have other plans," and swivelled around toward her desk.

She was aware that he still stood there.

"What evening, then?" he asked. "Tomorrow? Sunday?" Janet shook her head. "I'm sorry."

He came back to her desk. "Why?"

THE question startled her into glancing up at him. He was looking at her with interest, and with something she could only term concern. The look made it impossible for her to go on waving him away as though he were a mosquito. He may have been an irritating, egotistical man, but — Janet cut this thought off sharply. She was used to being honest with herself. What, after all, had Shore said or done, other than go directly to Carter over her head? And he had instantly agreed not to do so again, and he did have charm, she told herself, and unless —

The ringing of the telephone interrupted her thoughts. Shore walked across the room and began examining her books, one row on a shelf between etched copper bookends that an admirer had brought her from Egypt. She saw him take out a slim volume, and wondered, as she picked up the phone, whether he would be amused to find an obscure book of poetry in the office of the Production Chief.

I hear the little children of the wind
Crying solitary in lonely places...
Janet said "Hello" into the mouthpiece.

"Janet, sweet, this is Dick Peabody," croaked the voice at the other end. "Look, I've got an awful cold and if I took you to the party I'd only contaminate you and the rest of the guests, to say nothing of maybe dropping dead in the midst of festivities."

Janet made sympathetic sounds and told him not to worry about the party. She couldn't, she said, care less about going.

"That's probably true, and not said just to soothe me," the hoarse voice replied. "It's what's so infuriating about you, sweet. You couldn't care less, period. But you've got to go. Maddy's counting on it. She's sending a man she says she's always wanted you to meet. I know him, too — very nice fellow, name of Fred Claypool. He'll pick you up at nine."

"You and Maddy should have consulted me before." Janet began and then realised she was talking into a dead phone. She considered calling Maddy to say she would not go with this strange Mr. Claypool, but she was reluctant to start a controversy while Adam Shore hovered behind her.

Besides, it was true that Maddy would be upset if she didn't go. Maddy's parties were important to her. She planned her guest list as carefully as if she were entertaining diplomats on whose rapport depended the fate of the world. And it mattered little to Janet, one way or the other. A very nice fellow, name of Fred Claypool, was probably interchangeable with a very nice fellow, name of Dick Peabody, the man with the cold.

It's what's so infuriating about you, sweet. You couldn't care less, period. Infuriating to me, too, Janet thought. I want to care. I don't want always to be "crying solitary in lonely places."

"Where did you latch on to this?" Adam Shore's voice asked behind her. He was holding the book of poetry, open at "Little Children of the Wind," but he quoted from another poem.

"My heart is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill... Where did you latch on to him?" he asked again.

"William Sharp?"

"That's right. William Sharp, pen name, Fiona Macleod." He shook the little volume at her, looking amused again. "No use pretending to be so vague about him. You've got him all underlined."

"Have I?" She spoke in a cool voice.

"It was a long time ago, my first year in college."

"College? You've been working here since you were seventeen."

"You should have carried your inquiries a little further. You'd have found out that I went to college at night. And now," Janet said, swivelling away from him again, "I really must get to work."

"But you haven't answered my question. That's rude, you know."

"What question?" Janet asked, though she knew very well.

"I asked you why you wouldn't have dinner with me. It's a question of importance to both of us. If something makes me suddenly unacceptable to an attractive girl, I ought to know what it is so I can work on it. If something peculiar in you makes me seem unacceptable, then you ought to know what that is so you can work on it."

Janet had to laugh. And she thought, why shouldn't I have dinner with him?

Maybe an offbeat personality like this was exactly what she needed. She had known a great many conventional men and never been especially drawn to any of them. Maybe the trouble was as much in their dullness as in her inability to care.

"Sunday night?" she suggested, and smiled at him.

His response was to yawn hugely and stretch, then he gazed down at her with the same interested, solicitous look as before.

"You can't be a child of the wind. Your eyes are too blue. Sunday night," he said. "Seven o'clock. I hope you like to eat. I'm taking you to a dive on Second Avenue called Willy's Place, where everything tastes wonderful. Willy can't stand girls who pick at their food."

"You don't know where I live," she said when he was halfway out the door.

He poked his head back in. "Oh yes, I do."

Janet sat without moving for about five minutes after he had gone. Then she plunged into the work on her desk and thought of nothing else until she began to hear the going-home sounds that were always a little louder, a little less inhibited, on Fridays than on any other day of the week.

Janet's apartment was in an old house, in a section of town that was no longer quite fashionable, but its two rooms were light and airy and it had a full, if tiny, kitchen. She had decorated it charmingly, mixing periods with the confidence of someone who is sure of her taste. It looked much more expensive than it was.

Janet made a comfortable salary, especially for a girl her age, but not a generous one. After she paid her taxes and sent money home, there was not so much left that she could be careless with it.

At times she had thought of moving to a more modern apartment in a better neighborhood and sharing the expenses with another girl. But she had only a few friends in the city, none available to live with her. It took her a long time to make friends and she could not imagine sharing an apartment with a stranger. Except at moments of particular loneliness, she felt it was just as well to have the privacy, quiet, and freedom that were only possible alone.

But on the Friday night after Adam Shore's visit to her office, the apartment felt bigger than it was, and empty; the few hours ahead of her, too long to be alone. It was because of the poetry, she thought, and Dick Peabody's croaking voice chiding her for not caring enough.

My heart is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill...

She began putting around the miniature kitchen, preparing a light meal to tide her over until Maddy served one of her immense midnight suppers. She found cooking therapeutic, and fun, a relaxation after the precise de-

tails of her working day. While something concocted of leftover chicken, artichoke hearts, and wine simmered on the stove, she sat down to write her weekly letter home.

She began, as always, "Hello, Mum and Pop." It seemed more suitable than "Dear." They were no-nonsense people, who thought feelings should be kept out of sight where they belonged. Janet could remember nothing more demonstrative from them than a dry peck on her cheek on birthdays, at Christmas, when she was graduated from high school, and when she left home for New York.

"The gloves came, and they are perfect," she wrote. "You're right, I couldn't get anything like them in New York. Even if I could, they wouldn't be Mum's beautiful knitting. I don't see how you do it with your arthritis. I was glad to hear that Chamber is all right again. I know how much you think of that horse, Pop."

It would have been more accurate to say she could guess how much he thought of the horse. She did not really know how much either of them thought of anything or anyone, and she was certain they knew even less about her. They were affectionate strangers, they and she, with even the affection only hinted at, expressed by indirection, never open and clear and beyond all question.

"Everything is about the same here. The job is going well and I can't complain about my social life. Tonight I'm going to a party at Madeline Gregory's apartment. She owns a dress shop and I met her a few months ago when we did a printing order for her. She's very nice. I'll know most of the people there."

Janet did not say that Maddy was a divorcee and that, with the income from her very successful shop and her alimony, she dripped money. The Terhunes disapproved of divorce and were

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● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 54. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 3, 1968

THIS TIME TOMORROW

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suspicious of wealth. Nor did Janet tell them she was going to the party with a man she had never seen before.

"There's no special man yet," she wrote, because although they would never ask her outright, she could tell, reading between the lines, that this troubled them. "You can be sure I'll tell you when there is, and bring him home so you can meet him . . ."

A picture sprang into her mind as startlingly as though someone else had projected it. She saw herself in the living-room of the old farmhouse; Mum knitting with her misshapen fingers, her lips almost invisible with disapproval; Pop frowning up through the top of the bifocals he had never got used to, shaking his head slowly in his what's-the-world-coming-to way; and Adam Shore slouched down in a corner of the sofa, looking from one to the other with infinite amusement.

Janet laughed out loud, and finished her letter, signing it, "Always, Janet." Adam Shore would be only a little more incongruous in the farmhouse than the other men she knew. Mum and Pop would not know what to make of any of them, and the men would be equally at a loss.

Even their photograph on her end table bewildered her visitors. The two stolid faces looked like those of people from another century, another world, as though carved out of rock, made to endure but not to move.

BUT when Fred Claypool called for her, he seemed to take them in stride. He came upon their picture as he wandered around the room, examining Janet's things with the interested manner of the connoisseur, recognising the beauty of the little Danish vase she had splurged on; the possible value of the sun-flooded abstract painting she had found for a few dollars in a grimy shop off Second Avenue.

She had not meant to ask him in, but he said he'd like to see her apartment. "Only for a minute or two, do you mind? Maddy told me you had such an interesting place."

He had a gentle, hesitant manner, as though he wanted to be sure of not intruding, not causing discomfort. He reminded her of a boy she had known in school who had had a way with frightened or hurt animals. He even looked something like the boy, with thick, sandy hair, large features, and a wide, warm smile. It would have seemed absurd not to ask him in for a drink.

"Your parents?" he asked, when he came upon the photograph and picked it up. "Do you look at all like either of them? I can't see any resemblance in the picture."

Janet was surprised to hear herself saying what she rarely told anyone. "They aren't my natural parents. They adopted me when I was seven."

She waited tensely for the questions she had brought on herself, but Claypool only nodded and put the picture down.

"That accounts for it," He turned and smiled at her. "Before we go, there's something I'd like to get clear in my mind." He hesitated. "Until I know, I'm not even sure I ought to tell you how pretty you are, or what a subtle foil that leaf-colored dress is for your eyes."

His laugh was an invitation for her to join in without replying. He had a boy's laugh, unforced, full of merriment.

"The question is about you and Dick Peabody," he went on. "You see, I know Dick fairly well, and I wouldn't want to upset anything."

He made a point of examining his drink, sipping it slowly, giving her time to answer. He was a considerate man, she thought, and a man without poses. She felt easy with him, not at all as though they had just met.



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"Dick and I are friends," she said. "We've never been anything more and we never will be. I think we'd better go now, if you've finished your drink."

He took it up from there several hours later, as though continuing the conversation with no lapse of time. At the party Janet had been carried off by Maddy to meet various people, and then steered into the powder-room for a briefing on Fred.

"Be nice to him," Maddy had said, lighting a cigarette. "He's gentle and sweet and considerate, just what you need, and you'd be good for him. A perfect match; Fred's practically my favorite man, and you know what I think of you."

It was impossible to take Maddy seriously. "Why don't you

go after him yourself, if he's your favorite man?"

"I'd never do for him, darling. I'm too much for that boyish, sensitive type. But he'd be crazy about your cool little primness, and he's the giving kind who wouldn't demand a lot of you."

Janet laughed, because there was no other possible answer, but she thought: What Maddy means is that I couldn't give a lot. It was the same thing Dick had said in another way. It's what's so infuriating about you. You couldn't care less, period. Maddy meant that "the giving kind" wouldn't find it so infuriating.

They left the powder-room, and at once, as though to illustrate Maddy's description of him, Fred came up with two plates he had

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"He hardly knows what to do with himself since he retired."

“It really works!”



Mrs. R. H. Greentree of Northgate, Qld., said:

“It’s true about Bio-Ad!

Just a little soaked things clean that were very dirty . . . you know how a four year boy can get his clothes! And it’s marvellous for nappies and the baby’s clothes. Bio-Ad was a great help with heavy things too like our bedspreads and of course my husband’s work overalls.”



Mrs. M. O’Keeffe of Port Melbourne, Vic., said:

“Honestly, you’ve got no idea the difference it makes.

After I tried Bio-Ad I had to tell my neighbours how really marvellous it was. Anyone who washes for a family of young children will find it makes their work so much easier. It soaked out fruit stains, is good for nappies and greasemarks.”



Mrs. M. Winstanley of Wembley Downs, W.A., said:

“You’ll be surprised how wonderful it is for baby’s things!

Blackcurrant juice stains, food and nappy stains have all come out with Bio-Ad. And it’s very safe for soaking nice baby clothes, too, for it doesn’t bleach them. It even removed rust stains from a cardigan of mine . . . and it was a wool mixture type. I’ve also used it for my husband’s shirts and most of the wash. Yes, Bio-Ad is very good.”

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THIS TIME TOMORROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

filled from the exhaustive buffet, and led Janet to two small tables that were not altogether in the mainstream.

"I brought you a little of everything," he said. "Next time I'll know what you like." It was then that he took up the thread of their conversation in her apartment. "You know, you say you and Dick are friends, as if that's nothing. The way you mean it, I suppose it isn't anything. But I've always thought what a fine thing it could be, a man and woman, friends. They say it isn't possible, but I don't believe that."

He spoke positively, but his look was questioning, eager, as though it were urgent to him that she understand. "I believe they can be friends, whatever else they are or aren't, and if they can't be friends, nothing else they may become to each other will last or be important." He gave his merry boy's laugh. "I guess that sounds pretty complicated."

JANET felt a little jolt of pleasure of recognition. What she recognised, she decided, was a quality in Fred himself that spoke to her, that seemed familiar. She might have known him for years, long known and understood and responded to the workings of his mind. It struck her that he would be perfectly at ease in the old farmhouse, and that Mum and Pop would like him.

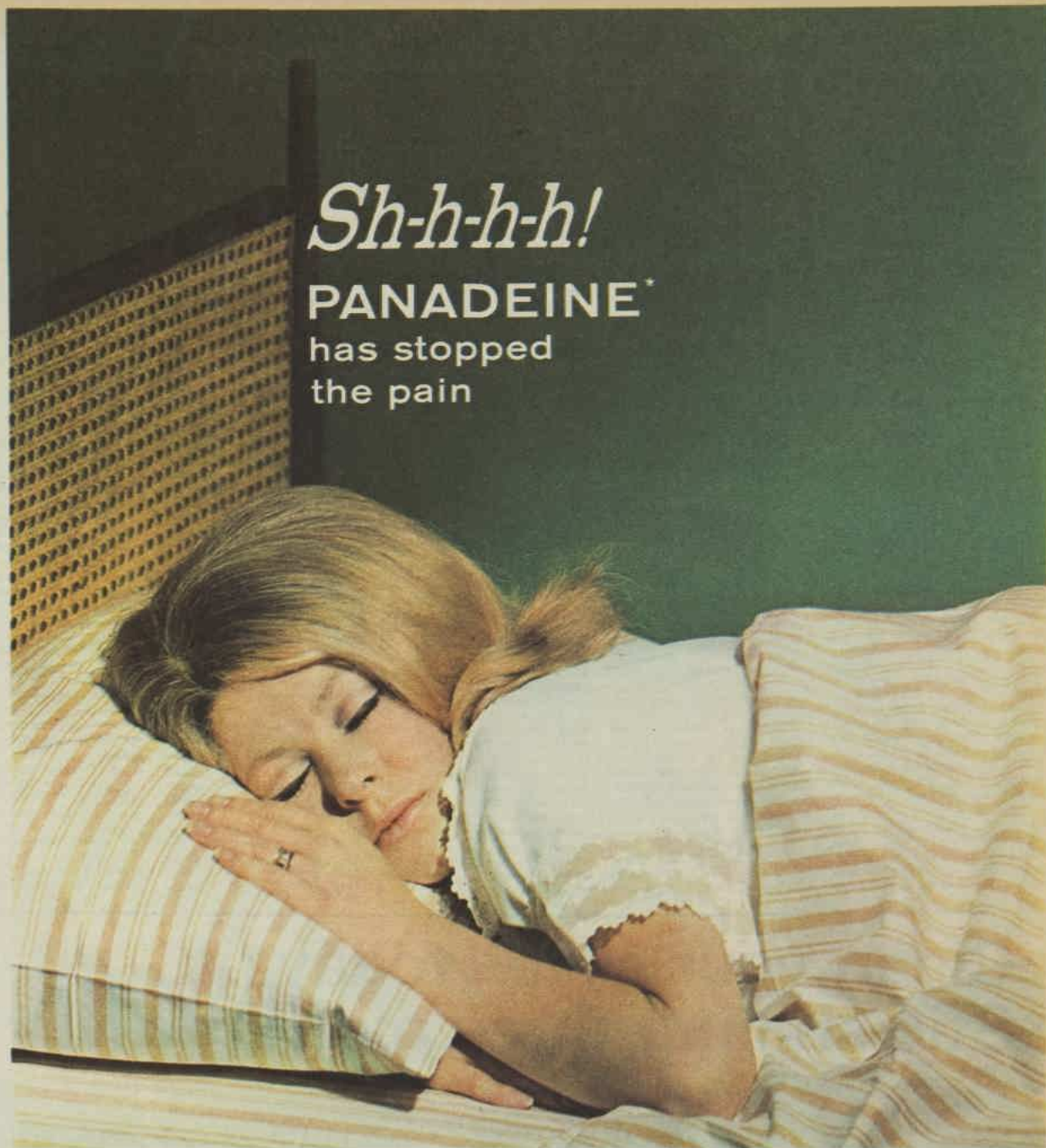
It was absurd, she told herself. He was a stranger to her. She knew nothing at all about him except the little she had gathered in the few hours since he had rung her doorbell. Because she felt so comfortable with him, she was jumping to conclusions about him, and it was not like her.

Still she said, "I think that's true," and then added, "and I think it might be easier to talk about some things to a man who was a friend than to another girl."

Janet realised as soon as the words were out that she had channelled his comments into the narrow area of her own personal concern, and that he was too aware not to see it.

She hoped he would let it go, return to generalities, but he said: "Do you find it hard, too, to talk to anybody about what's most important to you?"

"Too?"
Fred smiled. "I guess you think I'm a great blabber-mouth, but this isn't my usual way." He swirled his drink around, and watched the bits of ice collide. "If I say it seems as if I've known you a long time, I know it's going to sound corny as the devil. But it's true. I'm different with you, more myself."



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It might have been her own drink that made Janet feel light and giddy, a little as though she were floating outside her body, watching and listening to herself.

"I'm probably way off," Fred said, still examining his glass, "but I seem to get a message from outer space or somewhere —" He gave her a quick glance, grinning, "—that suggests you may feel the same way."

She heard herself say, "I may," with a provocative lilt that sounded to her like somebody else. The plate on the small table in front of her was empty, though she had no recollection of eating anything. It can't be the one drink, she thought. Even for me, one drink isn't enough to do this.

"I'd say something more, if I didn't mind being corny," Fred

said. "I'd say, let's get out of here."

"Let's," Janet said. Maddy, who had the born hostess' faculty of keeping an eye on all her guests at once, waved across the room at them and winked.

"See you for lunch tomorrow, dear," she called to Janet.

Fred laughed. "This is what is known as sneaking out unobtrusively."

They strolled in silence along the quiet side street near the East River, as though they had agreed in advance to walk and had no need to discuss it. After a minute or two, Fred took her hand, and at once it seemed natural to walk that way with him.

"You're having lunch with Maddy tomorrow?"

"Yes. It's a regular thing, one Saturday a month."

"I've always thought a lot of Maddy," he said, "but I didn't know she was wise enough to bring you and me together, did you?"

Janet, who had been thinking much the same thing, made a deprecating gesture. "I don't know how to answer that. After all, we've just met."

"I know," he broke in gently. "But we're going to be friends —" He was hesitant again, peering down into her face through the darkness. "We are, aren't we?"

They had come to the river and they stood now, looking across the light-studded water.

Janet spoke in a low voice. "We don't know anything about each other."

"What do you want to know about me? I'll be twenty-eight on

November third. I'm a life-insurance salesman, but right now not many people are buying, and until things start looking up, I have a room in the respectable but not very imposing Piedmont Hotel."

He ticked the items off on his fingers, smiling at her. "I was born and raised as the second of six children, and I went to college —" He stopped and recaptured her hand. "I'll tell you anything you want to know, but these things don't really matter, do they?"

"They may. If you're the second of six children, brought up in a close family of your own —" She stopped, appalled to hear her voice begin to shake.

"Please go on."

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He said it as though he would be hurt if she left it there, so that she did go on, steadily now.

"With that background," she said, "how can you understand a girl brought up in a lonely household by people who were middle-aged when she was a small child? A girl who never knew her own parents, or whether she had brothers or sisters who might have—?" She stopped again. "I'm sorry. I despise people who pity themselves."

He took her other hand now, and turned her around to face him. His voice was kind. "Listen, Janet," he said. "Listen to me. You've been wanting to talk about this for a long time, haven't you? Well, then, why don't you just talk?"

And almost before she was aware of it, she was taking—she, Janet Terhune, who never talked about herself to anyone—spilling it all out in a kind of monotone, as though that way it would somehow seem more impersonal. Fred said not a word until she had finished. After a few moments, she nearly forgot Fred.

She had not known she was adopted until she was 12 years old. She was not sure whether the Terhunes had thought they could keep it from her, or whether they had assumed she knew, because she was seven when they took her and she should have remembered. But Janet remembered nothing. It was all wiped clean, as though she had been born at seven. And when she heard it from another child, derisively, she would not, at first, believe it.

But then all the snatches of things said, remarks overheard through the years, came back to her and made a pattern, and she knew it was true. She had to ask anyway

—there was always a crumb of hope—but it took her almost two weeks to get up the courage, and then she tackled Pop alone, because he was a little easier than Mum, or than the two of them together.

He frowned up through his bifocals the entire time, speaking in his clipped, nasal voice, not wasting a word. Yes, certainly, it was so, he told her. No, he did not know who her natural parents were. He and Mum had found her in a home. Yes, the home knew, but they could not tell anyone. Janet could ask for herself, if she wished. He gave her the address.

"Why did you want me?" she asked him finally.

"It was too quiet here," he said. "We were getting old before our time."

"No," she said, wanting, but not daring, to stamp her foot. "Why did you want me?"

She thought he was not going to answer.

"We were too old to take a baby," he said at last. "You were a plain little girl without much to say." His voice was flat. "We thought you suited us."

That night Mum came into Janet's room after she was in bed. She stood at the foot of the bed, an angular silhouette, tall as an average man.

"We never think about you not being our own," she said, "so don't you either."

The subject was never mentioned among them again.

But Janet wrote to the home, and years later went there to inquire, and went again the year after that, always without success. No one would even consider making an exception to their policy of silence.

"I suppose it would have been too late in any case," Janet said to Fred now. "If I'd been brought up in my

own family, been close to my parents and maybe to brothers and sisters—"

"Then what?" Fred prompted her gently, speaking for the first time.

Janet gave her head a little shake. "I think you have to learn how to be close to people. I think you have to feel it around you, in the warmth of your own family ties, or you will never know how."

"Janet—"
"No, Fred, please." All at once she felt stripped, exhausted. "Don't say anything. I don't want to talk about it anymore. Just, please, take me home."

AT her door, Fred leaned over and gently kissed her cheek. "Good night," he said. "Sweet dreams. I think I'll call up Maddy every day from now on to say thank you."

When Janet thought back on the evening as she sat in the bus on the way to meet Maddy for lunch the next day, none of it seemed real. She remembered that Fred had seemed an old, familiar friend, but she could not recapture the feeling.

This morning she thought of him as a man she had liked more readily than was usual for her, but still a man she had just met, and to whom, appallingly, she had revealed herself as she had never done to anyone.

As she sat in the bus and looked unseeing out the window at the Saturday streets, she was gripped by an embarrassment that was near to nausea.

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What had made her do it? The drink, maybe a little stronger than she was used to? The mood brought on by Fiona Macleod's poetry and her despairingly stilted letter to Mum and Pop? Fred Claypool's hesitant eagerness; his resemblance to the boy she had known in grade school?

Janet had long wished that she would meet a man with whom she could experience the gradual blossoming of intimacy, the total sharing of selves. Men had been attracted to her since she had emerged from the pallid plainness of her childhood into a cool beauty, its remoteness offset by eyes that could change with her moods from ice-blue to a disturbing smoky violet.

She had liked some of the men a great deal. She had been sufficiently attracted to a few so that it had not been easy to slip out of their arms and send them home. But that was all. She had felt nothing more for any of them.

It troubled her deeply that she had not, seemingly could not. She had come to think that she never would, that her upbringing made it impossible. She had begun to wonder at times whether she should not compromise for what was possible, instead of waiting so long for something apparently unattainable. But she was stubborn, not built for compromise.

Fred Claypool had spoken feelingly of friendship between a man and a woman, and later suggested that he and she would be such friends. It was possible, of course, but not this way, all in a headlong rush of confidences at first meeting. She could scarcely

bear to think of her uncharacteristic impulsiveness; she even shied away from thinking of Fred.

But Maddy, who had no more restraint or tact than a child, brought him up almost immediately. She had just ordered for both of them, giving detailed instructions to the maitre d' about the preparation of the food.

When he had gone, bearing away the enormous menus, Maddy shrugged her mink stole from her shoulders and sat back. Even in the dim light of the restaurant, her red hair flashed whenever she moved her head.

"I'm dead," she said. "Last night's party went on till after three this morning. How did you go?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't be dense, dear." Maddy blinked against the smoke from her cigarette. "I'm asking how you and Fred hit it off. I'm asking if you're interested in him."

"Maddy, I just met him last night."

"That's no answer, is it? All right, you think I'm prying. Well, I am. I worry about you, did you know that? You're smart and successful, but in some ways you're such an innocent." The words came out rapid-fire, non-stop, in Maddy's deep, hoarse voice. "In some ways, you're still the country girl from Vermont."

Janet laughed.

"Nonsense. There's no —" "Anyway, it really has nothing to do with anything," Maddy broke in. "Or not much. You're changing the subject. I was trying to explain why I'm sticking my nose in. You and Fred, I mean."

"There's nothing to stick your nose in; there's no Fred-and-I," Janet said. "He's just a man who took me to a

party and took me home again."

"That's too bad, if true. You could be taken in by the wrong man. With Fred you'd be safe."

Their lunch came. For a time they were occupied with the food, and Maddy's entertaining chatter about her work.

"I hear Adam Shore is your new Copy Chief," she said at one point. "He wrote some copy for a campaign Acme did for me when I first started in business. Clever boy, much too clever for Acme." She looked at Janet. "Attractive, too."

"In a way," Janet said. She saw no reason to tell Maddy she had agreed to meet Adam out of business hours. Maddy would make too much of it. She would probe, in her disconcertingly direct fashion.

But Maddy dropped the subject of Adam readily and went on to other gossip.

"You will be seeing Fred again, won't you?" she asked, as they were leaving the restaurant.

"I'm sorry, Maddy," Janet said. "I think it's unlikely."

But Janet was scarcely back in her apartment, after doing a little shopping, when Fred called. She recognised the hesitant, boyish voice. "I tried to reach you for hours," he said, "before I remembered you were lunching with Maddy. I wanted to say good morning."

"Good morning."

"You sound a thousand light-years away. Not like last night."

Janet said nothing.

"I — you — make me feel shy with you, all of a sudden," Fred stammered. "I don't want to feel that way. Can I see you tonight?"

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"I'm sorry, I have to meet someone tonight."

"Tomorrow, some time? Tomorrow night?"

"I'm sorry."

"Is this a brush-off?" he asked anxiously. "Have I done something?"

"Of course you haven't done anything. How could you have? We only met last night."

There was a silence. Then Fred's voice came over the wire again, full of the kindness that had moved her before.

"That's it, isn't it? You're upset because of the way you talked to me. This morning you didn't see how you could have done it, and now you wish you'd never met me."

"You're very perceptive," Janet said.

"I won't press you to see me. I think if you did, it would be all right in a minute, but I won't press you. I'll just —" He hesitated. "Look, Janet, let me call you in a few days, after you've had time to sort it all out. I think something pretty wonderful got started last night. I think it would be a shame to throw it all away without a second chance."

He waited, as though expecting her to comment. When she did not, he said, "Maybe in a few days you'll agree. Will it be all right for me to call you — say, Tuesday?"

"Yes," she said. "Of course."

When she had hung up, Janet kept her hand on the phone, and thought that she might better have told him definitely not to call again.

But why? Was it only embarrassment that bothered her so much? Embarrassment because she had revealed herself to someone she scarcely knew? If so, maybe she had better work at getting over it.

Maybe she should be glad that she had been able to talk, for the first time in her life, as she had talked to Fred. The important thing, surely, was that the wall inside her that she had begun to think was impenetrable had crumbled a little. It should not disturb her so much that a comparative stranger had caused it to crumble.

Janet came away from the phone and sat down on the edge of her bed. With her usual honesty, she faced the truth that there was something else that — yes, frightened her; there was no other word for it. Fred's voice on the phone had called up everything she had felt the night before — the response to his hesitant gentleness, the sense of long familiarity, the light-headedness that made her feel not quite herself; almost, she thought now, as though she had been hypnotised.

Love, perhaps; the beginning of love? Yes, she thought, it could be. It could be that in love it was necessary to lose oneself, to become a different person. And it was this that frightened her. She realised that in her dream of learning to grow close to someone else, to share herself, she had imagined that as she changed she would still manage somehow to remain the same.

What it amounts to, she told herself, is that I am afraid of love.

She went into the other room and picked up the photograph of Mum and Pop, looking for an answer in the two angular, rock-brown faces. In their fashion, she knew they cared about her. What she felt for them

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was gratitude, admiration for their uncompromising goodness, the affection of habit. They had never engendered love. They did not know how. In a sense, Janet thought, they were afraid of it, too, and they had taught her to be afraid.

She pictured, as she so often did, her own family as it might have been — a soft-bodied mother who hugged her often and told her how much she was like her gay, handsome father; brothers who teased and defended her; sisters with whom she giggled and shared confidences.

But it was all fantasy and totally absurd, she told herself sternly. Her family had abandoned her, left her in a home from which Mum and Pop had rescued her and brought her up as their own daughter. They had wanted her. Her natural parents, whoever they were and whatever they were like, had not. If she was afraid to love, surely it was at least in part because of them.

That evening, Adam Shore took her to Willy's Place for dinner. The floor was tiled and the well-scrubbed pine tables were bare. The walls were covered with autographed photographs of boxers, wrestlers, and baseball players.

Janet, in a simple black dress that was all ingenious line and nothing else, but looked twice what she'd paid for it, felt overdressed. Several of the other women there wore jeans or pantsuits.

"You look expensive," Adam Shore said. "You look as if you belong at the Colony. The food is good there, too, of course."

"If I embarrass you —" Janet began coolly.

HE cut her off with his indolent drawl. "Nothing embarrasses me. I made my peace with all that long ago." "All that?"

"Oh, conformity: other people's notions of how I should think, feel, behave; how I or my companions should dress." He made a throwing-away gesture with one of his large, square hands. "I'm a liberated man, you see."

"The beatnik philosophy?" "Not at all. Beatniks are the dreariest of conformists. Even their protests aren't their own. They follow the latest fashion in rebellion with the same sheeplike unreason as they follow their clan's prescribed style in hair length."

"You follow the prescribed style yourself. Your jacket lapels are the same width as every other man's."

"That's just the point. I don't care about jacket lapels one way or the other. I'm not trying to prove anything. But if it happened to be convenient for me to wear tails in here because, say, I was going to a wedding afterward, I'd wear them."

"Suppose you were going for a swim afterward?"

Adam opened his eyes at her in a wide stare, and then gave a hoot of laughter.

"You really are in there pitching, aren't you? I begin to see why you've come so far so fast. But I'm not stumped yet, my girl." He lit a cigarette and watched himself blow smoke rings to the ceiling. "Swimming trunks, no. That far I wouldn't go. I'm not only a liberated man, you see, but a moderate one. Somebody — Euripides, probably — said moderation is the noblest gift of heaven."

A waiter in shirt-sleeves, with a coarse white apron tied around his waist, brought

them the thickest rare steak that Janet had ever seen. "Now don't talk," Adam said. "Just eat in worshipful silence."

The steak was tender and juicy, laced with the smoky flavor of charcoal. There were french-fried potatoes, crisp and dry on the outside and mealy within, and coleslaw in a spicy sour-cream dressing. Janet ate with the devout concentration that Adam had recommended and that the food deserved.

She was enjoying herself more than she would have thought possible in yesterday's unhappy mood. Adam was an intelligent, literate, witty man, and the conversation all evening had been lively.

"You do know how to eat," he said now, looking with approval at her empty plate. "Country girl, aren't you?"

It was the first personal question he had asked her. "I was brought up in Vermont," she said. "On a farm."

He regarded her with his amused look. "Period," he said.

"That's all you asked me," Janet replied crisply.

"Sure. That wasn't a criticism. A comment only. Some girls would have been launched on the story of their lives. Exclamation point, dash, asterisk. You answered what I asked you, period." He sat back in his chair, still looking at her. "I like you, Daffodil. Did I mention that? You're a high-handed executive and a close-mouthed New Englander and a quick-witted sophisticate and a fresh-faced country girl and a cool-eyed beauty, and I like every one of you."

Janet laughed. "Did you think up all those adjectives ahead of time, or did they just come to you?"

"My dear girl, after all, I'm a copy-writer. I was weaned on adjectives."

They took a cab to Broadway and walked until they saw a movie that appealed to them. Adam bought a bag of popcorn and asked her, when she said she could not possibly eat anything more, whether she was trying to starve herself. He put his arm around her in the theatre and occasionally stroked her neck and shoulder.

Later, at her door, he said, "I'd like to come in."

"It's too late," she said. "Tomorrow's a working day. I'm no good if I don't get enough sleep."

He put both arms around her, but without drawing her close.

"I mean I'd like to stay."

"No," she said.

"Another time, then?"

"No," she said.

"Why?"

She leaned back against his arms to look up at him. "I'm old-fashioned," she said.

"Period."

"All right. I just thought I'd ask." He bent down and kissed her, still holding her lightly, but not kissing her lightly. "Well, you've been kissed before, anyway," he said then. "I'm glad of that."

"So the experiment was a success," she said with cold fury, partly because the kiss had shaken her. "How nice for you!"

His dark eyes glinted with laughter. "Nice for both of us, if I'm any judge — and I think I am. Now don't go all rigid." The laughter became audible. "Isn't every first kiss an experiment?"

Janet relaxed a little. "I suppose so."

"The next one will be something else."

He stood still, holding her, looking down at her. She thought he was going to kiss her again, and she was astonished to realise how

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MELLOW IN THE WOODS

By
**LEONIE J.
WALTHER**



JANE had always been a solitary child. Solitary as distinct from lonely, for Jane was never lonely. There is a difference. She could sit on the plush chair in the parlor, her black hair brushed back, her pinafore crisp and white, surrounded by her mother's friends.

And yet, she could still be solitary, for these people had never been people she cared about, and so she remained aloof. Stiff-backed, until the last guest had gone, with compliments about the sponge cake and a doubtful glance at the prim little girl with her hands folded neatly in her lap.

Strangely, at nine years of age, Jane had not yet found anyone about whom she cared sufficiently to relinquish her solitude. She preferred, rather, to remain an outsider, absorbed in her own world of books and unreality. She was more at home there, where the shouts and tears of the other children did not penetrate. She felt rather superior at the thought of childish games and other problems she did not have to face. Jane, in fact, although only nine years of age, had never been a child.

Her favorite place was the woods. The other children were not allowed there. If the truth were to be known, neither was Jane, but her mother was too busy paying calls on her friends and gossiping over morning tea to notice whether Jane went to the Memorial Park or not.

So Jane went to the woods, through the crunchy leaves that carpeted the path in a riot of autumn colors, deep beneath the moss-hung branches, where she could be alone.

Alone, but not lonely, for she was too full of her own thoughts, too absorbed with scrunching brown-yellow leaves and trailing moss and leaf-red squirrels and the tiny flowers that grew in the damp soil at the roots of the trees; and the rustle of undergrowth, when nothing could be seen but dew-bright, peeping animal eyes.

She went every day, tramping home at lunchtime to sit primly on the hard, straight-backed dining-room chair, eating her meal slowly and with precision, like a clockwork soldier, while her mother, fixing her gaze on the cutlery on the sideboard, chattered about the morning's visits, not realising that Jane was, in reality, still in the woods.

This day started out differently from all the others. The sun was shining as if it were late afternoon, so that Jane climbed on to the kitchen stool to peer at the electric clock. But it was still early, not yet nine. Still, the sun was warmer, closer. The sky was less brittle, the air more mellow, aged like oak or brandy, as she stepped outside in her new, white pinafore.

The woods were silent, as they always were; but with a different silence, like the hush before a storm. The air was warm as she sank into the leaves, rumpling the faces of wood flowers.

Someone was there. Jane knew it, even

before she saw the boy. He was about eleven, and dressed in a sweater the color of autumn leaves, and trousers like dark wood. He came straight up to her, and stood there staring, like a rude, curious rabbit. Jane folded her hands in her lap and scowled at him.

"Don't you know it's rude to stare?" His bad manners irritated her.

"What are you doing here?" the boy demanded. Jane stared, now, open-mouthed, as if she had been struck.

"I always come here. I may as well ask you the same question," she said.

"Don't fib," said the boy. "I come here every day, and I've never seen you before. Never heard you, even, and you can always hear girls in the woods. They tramp about like a herd of elephants."

"I don't," Jane said indignantly. "Everyone knows you oughtn't to frighten the animals."

"What do you know about the animals? Girls are scared of rustling bushes and crackling twigs. Girls hate furry things and brown eyes watching. That's why they thrash around — to scare the animals away."

"I'm not scared of the animals," Jane said, surprised and annoyed. "They won't hurt you."

The boy continued to stare. "Anyway," said Jane, "I've never heard you before, for that matter. How do I know you've been here any other time?"

"I've made a hut," the boy said, settling down beside her in the leaves. "It took nearly two weeks to make, and I've worked on it every day."

"What do you want a hut for?" Jane asked, intrigued, forgetting to scowl.

"To keep things my mother doesn't allow at home. A rabbit with a broken leg, some pressed flowers, a great moth with silver on its wings."

Jane frowned.

"Could I — may I see the rabbit?"

The boy looked at her. He was thinking. She's telling the truth. She has been here before. You can tell by looking at her that she's not scared of animals. "Come on," he said, scrambling up and helping her to her feet.

"My name is Jonathon," said the boy.

"My name is Jane."

They looked at each other, and once again Jane noticed that the air felt warm, like late afternoon. The scents were musk and wildflowers, and the leaves were gold-tipped. Some of the gold danced in the boy's hair, and some in his eyes.

"I thought of calling the rabbit Fluffy," Jonathon said. "What do you think?"

"Fluffy is nice," Jane said. "Is he very young?"

"Only a baby. Do you know what they like best to eat?"

Their voices were faint, softened by distance and sunshine. Their heads were bent close together, golden and black as sunshine and shadow.

At last Jane, aged nine years, was beginning to learn how to be a child.

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"You and your imaginary burglars! Thanks!"

THIS TIME TOMORROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

much she wanted him to. But then he dropped his arms.

"Go to your chaste bed, Daffodil," he said, "and dream unchaste dreams of me."

Janet undressed mechanically, and then went into the kitchen to heat a glass of milk. She had not had hot milk before bed in seven years since she had left home, but the bland, soothing warmth was just what she needed now.

It was impossible to have any tranquil feelings about Adam Shore. He either delighted or infuriated her. She had wanted him to kiss her again, yet if he had done so she would have been

angry with him for trying to break down her resistance. She was glad he had readily accepted her refusal to let him stay; at the same time she was piqued by his casual assumption of her attraction to him.

Dream unchaste dreams of me . . . Fred Claypool had said, "Sweet dreams," and kissed her on the cheek like a shy boy. He had wanted to know about her on a level that Adam had not touched, and his gentleness, his kindness, had made it possible for her to talk to him as she had never talked to anyone. Her own revulsion afterward was not his fault but hers. Fred had, in his eager, hesitant

way offered her something that was probably altogether outside the range of Adam Shore's experience or inclination.

With Adam she had had fun and good talk, the tension of opposite wills, the fever of physical attraction—and if there was no aftermath of embarrassment such as she had felt following her evening with Fred, neither was there the challenge to become the outgoing, loving person she had always hoped, and now feared, to be.

It was strange, she thought as she was dropping off to sleep, that the two men she had most recently met should have a stronger hold on her thoughts than any other men she had known. Two such different men . . .

Fred and Adam continued to occupy her thoughts and her time in the weeks that followed.

When Fred called her on the Tuesday she made a date with him for that evening. She had determined that she owed it to herself to see him, to let things take their course between them. If she allowed her deep-seated reticences to cheat her of a chance for love, she knew she would always regret it. At least she had to try.

Fred's tact and understanding made it easy. He did not, that second evening, allude to anything she had told him on their first date, nor even assume the quick intimacy that had sprung between them then. He took her to an exhibition of paintings that he thought, from the things in her apartment, she would like, and when she fell in love with one and bought it, pay-

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, who-soever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself: for thou that judgest doest the same things.*

— Romans 2; 1.

ing far more than she could afford, he was boyishly delighted, and bore her off to meet the artist, a friend of his.

"I knew she'd like your stuff," Fred kept saying to the artist. "I just knew it."

The artist was a chubby, jolly young man, not in character at all, who lived with his chubby, jolly wife, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, in a duplex apartment, with a studio that occupied the entire second floor. They insisted that Janet and Fred stay and have some supper with them.

"Spaghetti and some terrible red wine we got cheap," the wife said. "We're always broke, no matter how many paintings he sells."

"It's the rent on this place that keeps us broke," the artist said. "We don't like garrets."

"We'd be broke in a garret, too," his wife said. "He married me to look after his money, but I'm worse at it than he is. We just neither of us understand about money."

Janet laughed. "I'm beginning to think I don't understand about it myself, or I'd have resisted that wonderful painting. I really had absolutely no right to buy it, but —"

"Would you like it for less?" the artist asked her at once. "I wouldn't want you to bankrupt yourself."

"Oh, no, of course not," Janet said, embarrassed. "It's certainly worth what I paid. It's beautiful work — the colors in the water and the marvellous effect of the sunlight sifting through the fog — a little like Monet, I think."

"Paul's too softhearted," Fred said. "That's why they never have any money." He put his arm affectionately around the artist's shoulders. "Janet won't starve because she bought your painting, Paul. You might not think it to look at her, but she's a top-flight executive."

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Master Foods 'handy' chicken

From plump roast chicken, stuffed with veal, Master Foods make 'handy' chicken. So easy when you want chicken in savouries and quick lunches. It spreads easily. Mixes instantly in dips, casseroles, etc. 'Handy' chicken. All meat and no bones about it.

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I've been doing some farming again — from a train window. I wonder how many farmers know what a sharp and envious eye is kept on them by country-hungry travellers who have to take their agriculture at second-hand, and through glass, as they tear by on their way from one large city to another.

EVERYONE I know equips himself for a train journey with lots of reading matter, and then never reads any of it. Everyone spends his time gazing from the windows, worrying about water, wondering about crops, trying to make lightning estimates of lambing percentages, and generally having a happy time minding somebody else's business.

Our countryside and, perhaps, all the world's countryside have a particularly moving beauty under a night sky. Nobody, I suppose, sleeps perfectly in a train no matter how comfortable it is. You may be woken by station stops or by sudden accelerations, but no matter how often you're woken up there's usually a bonus of some sort—perhaps fox-fires burning around a lambing paddock, perhaps the headlights of a homegoing car lighting up gums bordering a dirt road, so that the trunks look like sculptured stone in some endlessly long cathedral.

Night train journeys always make you realise how dark all cities are because of their lights, and how light the country is because it has none.

The daytime view changes steadily, too, year by year. Every year there seem to be noticeably fewer horses, because there are more tractors; noticeably fewer children walking to school or riding bikes and ponies, because there are more school buses; noticeably fewer straight columns of smoke from just-lit kitchen fires in the still morning air, because there are fewer fuel stoves and more electricity—and how glad the farmer's wife must be of THAT on a freezing cold morning with pre-breakfast chores to be done.

Things have changed inside the trains, too. It wasn't so very long ago that, even in a sleeper, you had to choose between near-suffocation or a thick powdering of cinders over everything by the time you woke.

Personally, my idea of hell on a train trip (and there must be dozens of young mothers suffering it every night) is sharing a rather narrow sleeping-berth with a small child who can't sleep a wink unless its large doll has its head on the pillow, too—a clear case of two's a crowd and three's a sleepless night for Mum.

In Kay's young days I made a lot of trips like that. I used to pray that some day she'd fall for something small in the way of a doll, but she liked them big, and she liked them kept warm and comfortable.

Railway carriages had primitive beginnings

HAVE you ever wondered why it is we travel in railway carriages? Apparently the first were built as copies of horse carriages, with the same sort of seating and the same sort of springing.

Those who preferred their own carriages when they travelled by train simply had them strapped to a flat railway truck, put their horses in the horse van, and whizzed along the line in privacy—and a howling wind—at 30 miles an hour.

Surtees, who wrote "Handley Cross" in 1843, gave this description of the arrival of his hero, Mr. Jorrocks, at Dutton Railway Station:

"The engine and long train rounded the base, the engine smoking and snorting like an exasperated crocodile. The guard's red coat on the engine is visible . . . next his gold hatband appears. Seven first-class passenger carriages follow the engine, all smart, clean, and yellow; next come ten second-class ones, green, with covered tops and half-covered sides. Cattle-pens follow, holding sheep, swine, donkeys, and poultry; then comes an open platform . . . with a nondescript one-horse vehicle containing a fat man in a low-crowned hat, two ladies muffled up in cloaks, and a good-looking servant-maid."

From the beginning, America went in for far more sociable railway travel, with long cars that carried large numbers of assorted people. Some European travellers found this better than their own small, private carriages, where they were locked in at the beginning and let out at the end of the journey.

Some found it uncomfortable, if not indecent, to be thrown into such proximity with others and claimed it gave them the nervous fidgets to sit staring at a stranger for so long.

One traveller who journeyed from New York to Chicago in one of George Pullman's Silver Palace Cars in 1875 was very scathing about them, despite the fact that she

travelled first-class and with a sleeping-berth. She wrote . . .

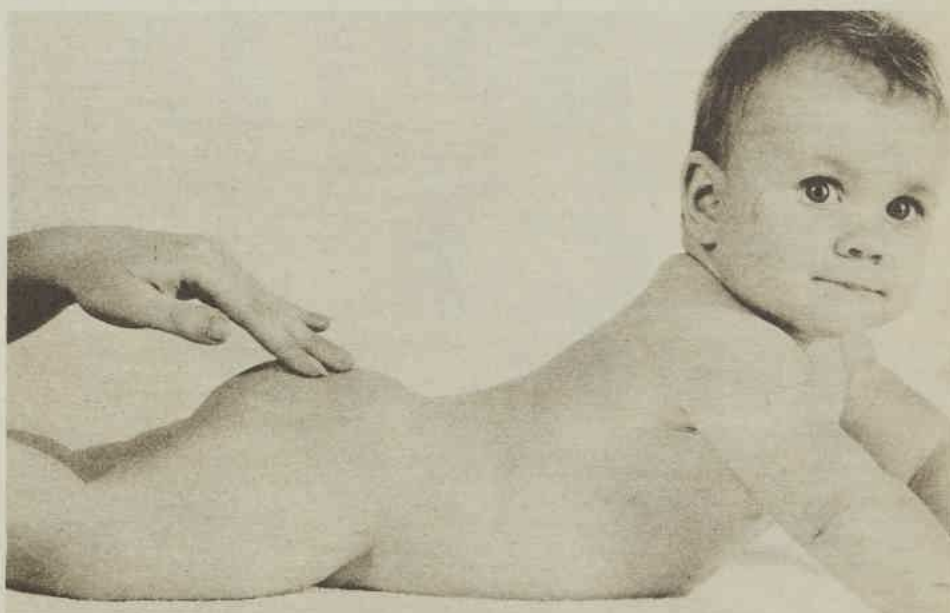
"I met with no silver whatever in these cars; the fittings, lamps, bolts, hinges, door-handles, etc., were of the white metal called pinchbeck or Britannia metal, and the palaces were fitted up in the ordinary hotel style, the floor carpeted and oil-clothed, the seat velvet-covered."

"Each passenger occupied just so many feet as would suffice to stow away his person in sitting during the day,

or recumbent at night, for the bed is constructed by turning down the back of the seat; the iron stanchions, which may be considered silver bed-posts, being so fixed that they form another berth near the top of the car, so that two persons who have sat vis-a-vis during the day elongate themselves over and under each other at night, according to taste or agility in climbing, irrespective of sex."

Bad luck about no silver on the Silver Palaces, but they must have been more comfortable than English trains, which didn't even boast WCs at this time. Ladies making long journeys rather naturally preferred to travel in "Ladies Only" carriages, carrying with them a round wicker basket which contained a chamber-pot.

I guess I'm just a decadent modern softie, for much as I'd love to travel behind an engine that could smoke and snort like an exasperated crocodile, there's something to be said for soft bunks, hot water, air-conditioning, and double glass from behind which to count your sheep.



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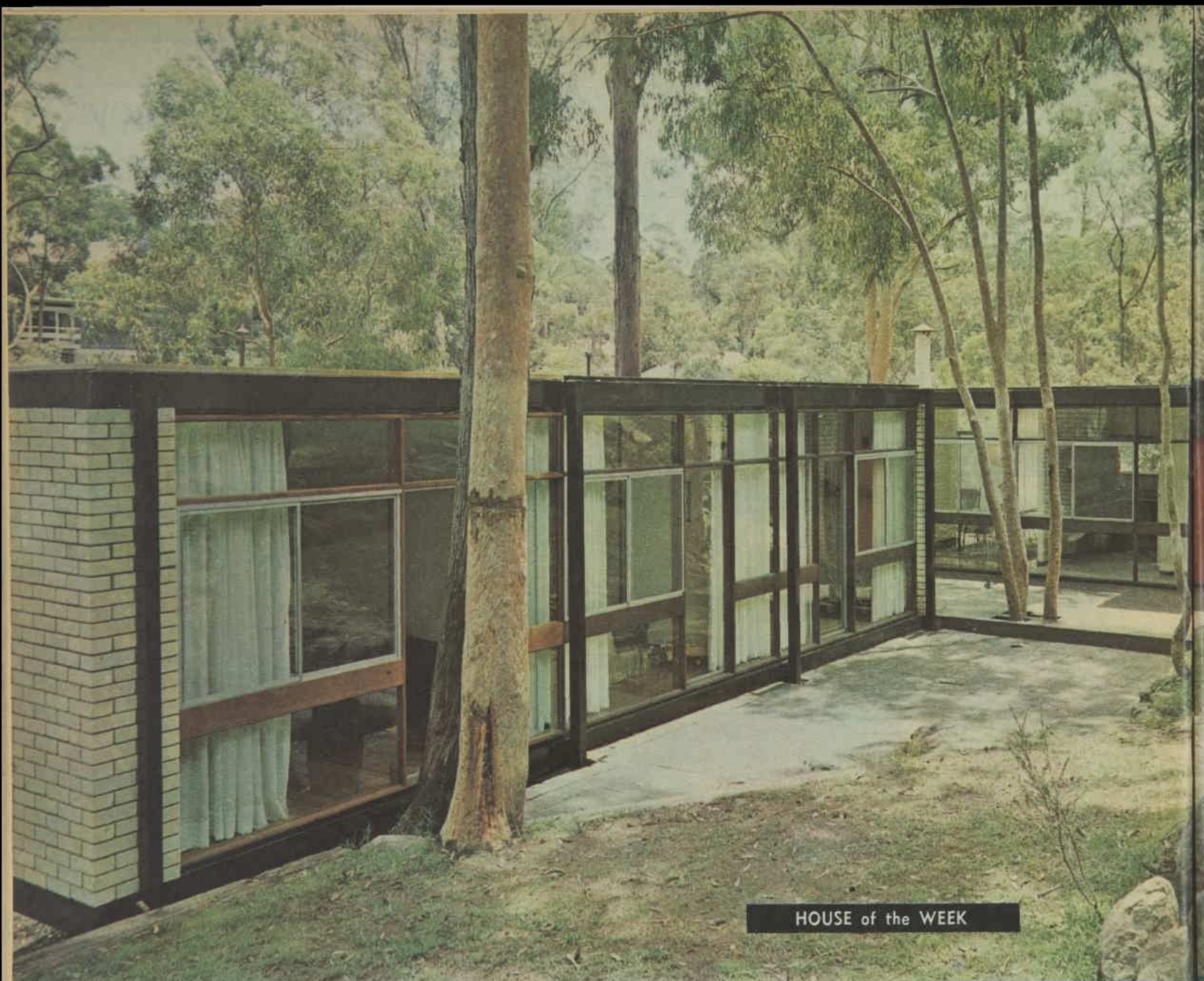
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HOUSE of the WEEK

Budget alternative for a \$90,000 design

Story: Ennis Honey
Pictures: Keith Barlow

WHILE browsing through an American magazine, Mrs. M. J. Lehmann saw a house which she felt would be perfect for the tree-filled block of land she and her husband had bought at Pymble, N.S.W. It was a big house with marble interior walls and floors, and exterior walls of glass that seemed to bring the trees right inside.

When architect Robert Murray told her such a house would cost about \$90,000 she was bitterly disappointed—but not for long. Mr. Murray came up with this modern three-bedroom home as an alternative, and the Lehmanns were completely satisfied with the design—and the cost, which met their moderate budget.

Only one of the beautiful gum trees (some are 120ft. tall) was removed from the site. Some are incorporated into the design; three grow through the high front veranda, three more through the timber-decked courtyard at the rear of the house.

Through the glass walls, on two sides of this courtyard Mrs. Lehmann can enjoy the changing beauty of the trees in the terraced garden whether she is in the kitchen, the living-rooms, or the gallery-like entrance hall. She can also keep an eye on her two small children at play.

"The courtyard is wonderful for entertaining," she said. "My husband puts a couple of sheets of hardboard on the deck, sprinkles them with talcum powder, and we have a dance floor."

The entrance hall completely separates the living area from the bedroom wing. All three bedrooms have sliding glass doors to the garden and the children can come in for their toys or at bathtime without running through the living area.

So much glass helps to make the 14-square house seem remarkably spacious. So does the color scheme—mainly white with bold color accents including Mrs. Lehmann's favorite orange.

Maintenance costs were taken into account when choosing building materials. Exterior walls, other than glass, are natural white brick, doorframes and windowframes are aluminium, and floors are tallowwood, plasticised for easy care.

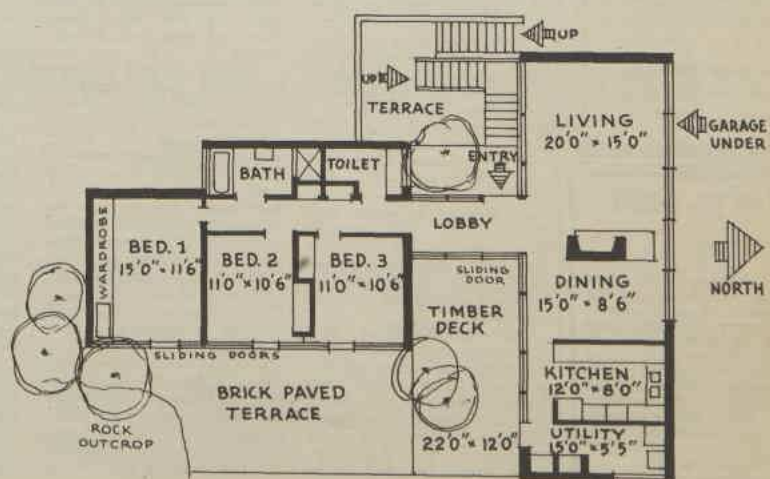


Tall gum trees grow through the timber-decked courtyard of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lehmann's home at Pymble, N.S.W. Bedrooms are at left; orange door in the courtyard leads to the living wing.

Main bedroom, like the children's rooms, opens through sliding doors to the back garden. Mr. Lehmann made the built-in wardrobes and chest; Mrs. Lehmann chose her favorite orange for the brilliant color accents.

Free-standing painted brick wall, with raised open fireplace and bookshelves, separates sitting-room from dining-room. Glass wall at left continues into dining-room.

Courtyard, below, from the glass wall of the entrance hall. Dining-room (with lantern above the table) and the kitchen are fronted by the glass wall at the left.



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They had what Janet thought of as an old-fashioned evening, singing around the piano, which Paul's wife played with more enthusiasm than skill, and later watching slides of the couple's camping trip in Canada, while they all sipped the cheap red wine and Janet and Fred held hands.

In the bedroom, when Janet went to get her things, the wife asked her whether she had known Fred long.

"He needs a nice girl," the other woman said. "He's all right. He's a good friend."

Janet was conscious of a feeling that she could not altogether identify. It came to her several hours later that she had been pleased to hear Fred praised, to have Maddy's judgment confirmed. Her own judgment, confused as it was by conflicting emotions, she was afraid to trust.

Altogether, it was a fine, relaxed evening, with few of the overtones that had plagued Janet after her first date with Fred. They kissed good night this time, but Fred did not suggest, as Adam Shore had done, that he would like to stay. There was still something boyish and hesitant about his kiss, though he held her close, and her response was not the wild tumult she had felt in Adam's practised embrace. She was glad. Whatever was to develop between her and Fred, she wanted it to grow gradually now, not in that first frightening rush. With his delicate perception, Fred seemed aware of this.

She saw him often after that. They went to art shows and museums and when the concerts opened in Central Park almost weekly to those. Frequently she cooked dinner in her apartment, and afterward they listened to records or played word games or just talked.

"I wish I could take you somewhere glamorous," Fred said to her once. "A year ago I couldn't write insurance policies fast enough. Now nobody's buying."

"It couldn't matter less," she told him. "I just enjoy being with you."

He gave her one of his gentle kisses. "When things start moving again," he said, "I'll show you how I feel about that answer." He encircled the third finger of her left hand with his forefinger. "I hope you'll let me show you," he said anxiously, and then jumped up and put a record on the player, making it unnecessary for her to answer, sensing, as he always seemed to do, that he had gone a little too far ahead of her.

As the weeks went by, Fred indicated in a dozen other indirect ways that as soon as things went better for him he would ask Janet to marry him. He mentioned once that he probably never would make a great deal of money.

"I haven't got the push," he told her. "You've got to be ready, these days, to walk over other people's faces. I've never learned how."

And Janet found an opportunity to mention that if she ever married she would want to go on working, at least for a time.

Things drifted along with no more definite commitment than this between them, and Janet was glad. She was still too uncertain of her own feelings to want anything more. She thought Fred was the kindest, most considerate man she had ever known, and she enjoyed his company and shared many of his tastes.

But when he began, with the utmost tact, to draw her out again, to encourage her to talk about herself, her work, her fears and hopes, she experienced the same disturbing contradictions of emotion as the first time. Now, surely, he had every

THIS TIME TOMORROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

reason to expect her confidences, but she gave them with that same unreal sense of giddy release, as though some mechanical button inside her had been pressed.

And always, afterward, she was upset again, embarrassed to recall what she had said.

If she loved Fred the way he deserved to be loved — if she were capable of it — she felt she would share her inner self with him gladly without reservation. And she hoped that in time this would happen. It was probably unreasonable to expect that a lifetime's frozen block of reserve could be melted in a few months.

But there was something else. There was Adam Shore. She saw Adam far less, outside the office, than she saw Fred, but she continued to see him. Nothing in her unspoken understanding with Fred suggested that she should stop seeing other men, and Fred knew she had not stopped. What confused Janet was not only that Adam was the only other man she still had any interest in seeing but that even the thought of giving him up distressed her. It was difficult to imagine

ideas back and forth like a ping-pong ball.

They were equally likely to be involved in furious argument for most of an evening, though the fury was all Janet's and Adam only fed it in his indolent, amused way. The one constant was the attraction that crackled between them like sparks along an exposed live wire, and that made it increasingly difficult for Janet to send him home at the end of a date.

"What are you holding out for?" he asked her one evening. "Marriage?"

It was one of the times when she could have hit him. "Marriage?" she repeated icily. "With you?"

"Oh, it's not as far-fetched as all that," he drawled. "If I were the marrying kind, I might seriously consider it. I think we might have fun." He got up and crossed to her living-room window, carrying his nightcap of whisky and water, and stood looking down at the wet streets with his back to Janet. "You still haven't told me what you're holding out for. Old-fashioned, you said once, which really explains nothing."



two men more unlike than Fred and Adam. Fred was having a struggle, but Adam had been born successful, the only son of a comfortable New York family who had sent him to the best Eastern schools and no doubt given him what Janet often thought of as his maddening aplomb, so different from Fred's hesitant gentleness.

His father had died several years ago, and his mother had gone south to live with one of Adam's married sisters. Adam had an apartment at a good midtown address, furnished partially with odds and ends from his family home that did not go with the newer pieces; yet somehow the total effect was one of elegance.

He seemed surprised when Janet mentioned this, the only time she ever went there. Surprised, and then disinterested.

"Is it? I don't know. I don't pay much attention." He shrugged.

She had gone with him because she had felt foolish about her outdated sense of propriety at being alone with a man in his apartment. But though nothing very improper had happened, she had fancied that the elevator man and the doorman gave her knowing looks when she left, and she had not gone again.

There was nothing peaceful or even predictable about her dates with Adam. He might take her to the zoo with a bag of peanuts, or send her an orchid to wear in the third row centre of a hit show. Sometimes they were in perfect harmony, discussing music and books and tossing

moment, and then down at her glass again. "I'm trying to be honest with you. This man — I may be in love with him, and if I am —"

"What do you mean, you may be in love with him?" Adam's voice was uncharacteristically rough. "What do you mean, if you are?" He came and stood in front of her, looking down at her. "Don't you know?"

"There's no need to shout," Janet looked back at him coldly. "I realise you can't possibly see. You're far too sure of yourself to understand that some people are uncertain of their feelings, can't express them easily, perhaps haven't actually ever learned to feel deeply at all."

"You? Not feel deeply?" He was laughing at her again. "Listen to you now!"

"Oh, go home," Janet said. "You're impossible. Everything's a huge, lazy joke to you."

He sat down beside her and took her hands, though she tried to pull them away. "You know that's not true," he said. "You're no joke to me."

"You're laughing now." "Maybe I laugh to keep from crying. Did you ever think of that?"

"Ha!" she said. "Ha, yourself! You tell me I've got to go home. You tell me maybe you're in love with another man. Isn't that enough to cry about?"

She had to smile at him. "You're impossible," she said again, in a different tone.

"That's better." He hitched his chair closer. "Now what's all this about never learning to feel deeply? Some half-grasped psychiatric rigmorole you picked up somewhere?"

"Half-grasped? Do you think I'm incapable of —?"

"Maybe you're not," he broke in, shrugging one shoulder. "I know I am, most of the time. For instance, just when I thought I understood what schizophrenia was, they changed it on me."

Janet had to laugh. "This is a perfectly simple thing. I'm sure even you can understand it," she said. "I was brought up by foster parents who think emotion is in bad taste. Therefore —"

"Those two on the table?" He looked at the photograph of Mum and Pop. "The great stone faces?"

"They're very fine people." "I didn't say they weren't. Anyway, what has their being foster parents got to do with anything?"

"My own parents might have been different, more outwardly loving —"

"They might not have been, too."

They argued for another hour, Adam stalking around the room, standing at the window, sitting close beside her, while Janet was by turns coldly furious, amused, exasperated, and delighted.

When he had gone, after a long embrace that left her weak-kneed, she stayed up for some time, though it was well past midnight. Am I falling in love with both of them? she wondered. Is such a thing possible? If only I knew more about love...

The next morning at the office was the worst in Janet's experience. Somebody in the shop had mixed up two mailing lists, and Janet did not discover it until an entire mailing, meant for farmers, was ready to go out to a list of housewives.

"I don't know how it could have happened," Carter kept saying, in a tone that suggested it was very likely Janet's fault.

"I don't either," Janet said crisply. "I realise your girls are not necessarily of the highest rank of intelligence, but at least one of them might have been expected to wonder what Mrs. John Doe would want with a corn combine." The little old man shook his

head. "They don't wonder. They don't read. They've got no time to," he said. "All they've got time to do is type names and addresses."

Janet had hoped to help Carter save face, but this apparent indifference to a major blunder, his almost insolent refusal to accept responsibility for it, dissipated any sympathy she had left for him.

"What about you?" she asked him. "Don't you read or wonder either?"

His leathery cheeks turned a purplish red. "It so happens I was out of the shop that particular time," he said. "I didn't see the mailing till after you did."

"Why were you out of the shop? I don't recall your discussing any proposed absence with me."

He glared at her from under his shaggy eyebrows. "I didn't feel good," he said. "Mr. Shore told me to go to the doctor."

"Mr. Shore told you —"

To page 53

(Advertisement)



Stop Those Wrinkles Now

TO keep the petal-soft dewy complexion of youth for the rest of your life, you must check wrinkle-dryness. Wrinkles indicate a lack of natural protective oils in your skin and the need for urgent complexion nourishment. Nightly before retiring smooth Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and see how quickly your complexion will be restored to youthfully smooth loveliness.

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Cracked lips? Smooth on soothing COSO cream

Put a smile on your lips. Coso softens cracked, split lips and cold sores — to heal them. Takes away the sting.



39c

from your chemist Another McGloin's quality product

"I'd better get that mailing out to the right list," Carter's voice was suddenly bland. "It'll never get out if I stand here gabbing."

As soon as he was gone, Janet started to dial Adam's extension, then changed her mind and went down the hall to his office. His secretary half rose, looking as though she were about to stop her, but Janet smiled and nodded and went sailing by.

She had seldom been in Adam's office. Their business encounters, since that first day in her own office, had been brief, infrequent, and, by unspoken mutual consent, businesslike. The talk about Adam that filtered through to Janet was that all the girls at Hermes had crushes on him, but that he was immune to them.

But this was far from her mind as she stormed into his room now, not stopping to knock.

"I want to talk to you about Carter," she said, without preliminary.

He was sitting with a mound of disarranged papers before him, a pencil in one hand and the other hand making a wild haystack of his black hair. He looked up at her in amazement.

"Look here, my girl." He waved the hand with the pencil at his desk. "I'm busy."

JANET was pink-cheeked with anger. "You'll have to stop undermining my authority in the shop," she said. "I've spoken to you about this before."

He dropped the pencil and sat back. "And how do you imagine I've undermined your authority?"

His use of the word imagine, his tone of tolerant amusement, incensed her. Not many hours before she had been in his arms. It seemed impossible now.

"I'm not giving to imagining things," she said. "I haven't imagined that at your instance Carter went to the doctor yesterday afternoon, leaving the shop without my knowledge. I haven't imagined that because he was away an entire mailing was ruined and has to be re-run. I haven't imagined that when I questioned Carter he was—"

"You'd better stop for breath," Adam was grinning. "Before you bust something."

"If you refuse to discuss this with me seriously," Janet said, "I'll have to take it up with Mr. Calhoun."

"All right, I'll discuss it with you seriously," Adam said, no longer grinning. "First of all, I'll mention that you are behaving like a child, bursting in here with indignant accusations, threatening to tell on me to the president—"

He slid down in his chair. "If you really have authority, nobody can undermine it."

"Then I fail to see why you should try," Janet said icily.

"Don't be an idiot. I wasn't trying to undermine your authority. What purpose would I have?" His voice was amused again. "I happened to be in the shop when old Carter had a dizzy spell. He got white and had to sit down, and I told him he'd better take off as soon as he was up to it and see a doctor."

"You might at least—" Janet began, but he would not let her finish.

"No," he said. "I did no more and no less than anyone would have done. It wasn't up to me to tell you he was leaving; it was up to him. If he hasn't that much respect for your authority, it's your fault, not mine."

Janet said nothing, only turned and walked toward the door. Adam spoke again before she reached it.

THIS TIME TOMORROW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"You understand, of course, that here in the office you're just another co-worker with whom I've got to get along as best I can. Since you're a woman, and young, and you've made it up the ladder too fast, it isn't easy." His voice was lazy, impersonal. "What happens outside the office is altogether apart from this."

Janet went out without a word. She was seething. For seven years she had worked steadily and carefully for the position she held. She had worked hard, expecting no special treatment, no allowances, because she was young or because she was a woman.

Once a department head, she had steered purposefully away from the weaknesses that threatened many women executives—the pettiness, the rivalry, the overbearing officiousness—and she knew she had succeeded pretty well. People liked her and respected her. Even Carter did, in his own grudging fashion.

And in a few cutting sentences, Adam had denied all of it.

He can't divide me in two, she thought—a nuisance, someone he has contempt for, in the office; someone to make love to outside. I never want to see him again...

To be concluded



"Sign in, please."



Carnation means contentment...

Notice to Contributors
PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.
Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.
Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.
Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 758.—DRESS

Smart dress is available cut out to make in brown, lipstick-pink, or aquamarine silicone velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.50; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.70. Plus 40 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 759.—TRAYCLOTH AND SERVIETTE

Pretty single tray setting is available traced ready to embroider on white, cream, blue, or pink pure Irish linen. Price is 80 cents plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 760.—SLIP

Slip is available cut out to make in white, pink, or blue imported crepe cotton, with lace trim supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.45; 40 and 42in. bust, \$3.65. Postage and dispatch 25 cents extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 26



ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.

★ A clear run until July 6—if you except a mini muddle-spot 27th, when you could get slightly out of kilter with a friend. It's a good time to iron out matrimonial problems with sweet reasonableness, especially 26th.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ The planets appear to have taken a vacation and have left the world to get along under its own steam, adding up to a tranquil patch until July 6. However, 27th could be deceptive. You've got the ball—it's up to you.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Comes a time of millpond tranquillity, when you can either rest on your oars or make fruitful but unspectacular progress. There's a spot of confusion, 27th. Be your sceptical self. Prospects look fair for making more money than usual.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ You're in your get-up-and-swing cycle, but you've struck a stretch of calm with the heavens aloof and indifferent. It's up to you to make the breaks if you treat 27th with suspicion. Halcyon calm prevails until July 6 at least.



LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ If you discount a possible patch of marital muddle, 27th, it's a case of calm sailing until July 6. Marvellous for a peace conference and to exercise your executive flair to advantage. One of the quietest segments of 1968, so cash in!



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ Many will appreciate the time until July 6. Apart from temporarily tricky conditions, 27th, you're given a respite. Since nothing is perfect, some will suffer from tension from two major planets which fortunately are beginning to draw apart.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, violet, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

★ A careless attitude toward money could land you in a tricky financial set-up, 27th, but conditions are tailor-made and custom-cut to your peace-loving heart until July 6. If you stop dithering and go-go, it could prove a success period.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Tuesday.

★ If you've chosen a holiday by water—a tropical cruise or at a resort near a river or lake—you've hit the jackpot. It's a case of all systems go, so being careful on the 27th, you can orbit with success until July 6.



SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ You might get involved in an emotional setback through a misunderstood word or letter, but you've got the walk signal all down the highway of success until July 6. Time to project, to make good resolutions, and turn a new leaf of life.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ Discounting a little muddle and delay, 27th, the zodiac is tranquil. You can smoothly escalate to success the way you like it—hastening slowly. This dream stretch lasts until July 6, and industrious Capricorns can rise high.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Rate the 27th as deceptive and delaying and stick to routine. Otherwise there's a good run of influences—all serenity—until July 6. Get swinging. If you have any legal problems to unsnarl, now's the time. Friends assist.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ One of the few areas of calm during 1968 and it lasts until July 6. Only the 27th could pose problems—take no money risks. For the rest, you can rise in the world, achieve ambition, enjoy an almost seraphic and blissful life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 3, 1968

BRIGHT FASHION SPECTACLE



■ Great fashion success is sunglasses with gaily colored lenses. There's a choice of styles — Sizzle and Bosun accented by glinting gold or silver frames. Or Diamond and Rosanna framed in bright plastic.

The lenses come in ten off-beat colors ranging from deep purple to "no-color" grey.

Prices for the sunglasses range from \$15.95 to \$25.35. The wind goggles — another current fashion favorite — are \$3.95.

The glasses are available at major Sydney branches of O.P.S.M. (including Double Bay), and may be ordered through O.P.S.M. branches in other cities.

● Diamond



● Rosanna



● Sizzle



● Wind goggles



● Bosun

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 3, 1968



it
moves
when
you
do!

Elastoplast

— the flexible first aid dressing.

Because it's flexible, ELASTOPLAST is the only first aid dressing that doesn't cramp your style! That's why it's used by top sportsmen. And ELASTOPLAST breathes! Lets in clean, healing air... keeps out dirt and germs. Each dressing is wrapped and sterilized. Have ELASTOPLAST handy. Use the dressing that's flexible, that's hygienic.

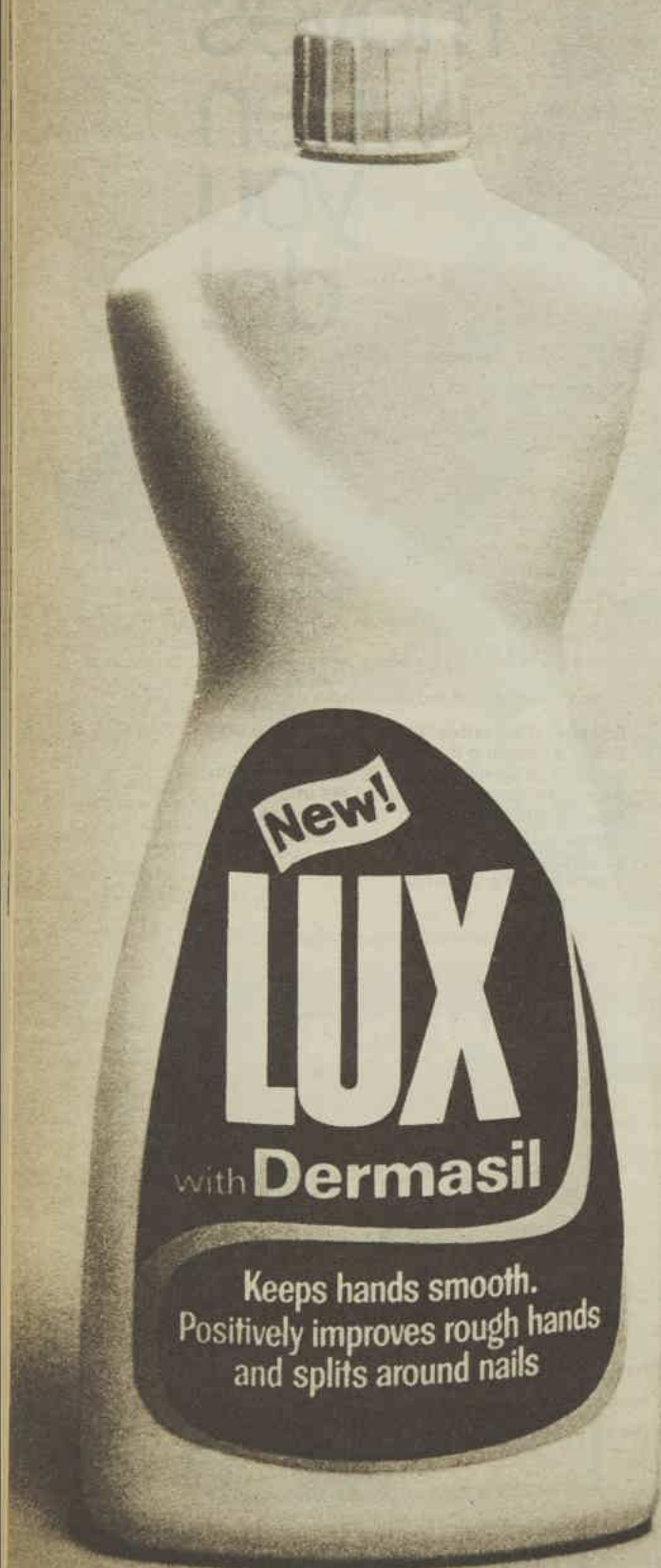


Strips
Strips and Patches
1 yd. Dressing Strips



Smith & Nephew (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

Wondering what's really best for your hands?



Lux with Dermalasil is the only dishwashing liquid that:

1 Clears up splits and sore skin.

2 Positively improves hands as you do dishes, keeps hands soft and smooth.

3 Was clinically tested by a leading skin specialist.

Still wondering?

Hope for the best



LETTERS

● There is nothing that maddens me more than people who talk about the terrible mess the world is in. Everywhere, they say, there is bloodshed, hate, declining morals, and various other signs of a decadent civilisation. I cannot believe that life is so terrible. I think there is a great amount of good in the world. With our vastly improved media of communications we are made startlingly aware of our faults. Something that is normal is not newsworthy. Therefore the thousands of praiseworthy things people do pass unnoticed. But something as unnatural to us as crime and violence will be blown up out of all proportion. I really think we have great cause to be optimistic.

— ANN HILL, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.

For teenagers

Peace-offering

ON television recently I saw a newsreel which showed a group of Australian soldiers assisting South Vietnamese civilians to rebuild one of the many devastated villages in that country. Surely this would be the perfect job for so-called conscientious objectors. They would not be taking part in

the killing or wounding of anyone, but merely helping people in distress to build new lives. By doing this, the peace-lovers would be helping humanity, rather than wasting their time in jail, and earning the resentment of the rest of the community.— Julie Fielding, Brisbane.

Flower talk

NOT knowing what to do with my spare time during the week, I decided to have a go at making paper flowers. So with a bit of luck, some crepe paper, wire, and cotton, I started designing my own flowers.

OUT OF GEAR

■ Despite the horrifying death toll on the roads, it is still very easy to obtain a driver's licence. When I went for my test I was in the car for about seven minutes, in which time I passed only one or two other cars. A hill start, three-point turn, reverse (at which I had three attempts), once around the block—and I had a driver's licence. Instead of being pleased, I was depressed because I had achieved so little. If everyone had tests as easy as mine, I hate to think what the roads would be like. Another reason why many irresponsible drivers are on the road is that people learn to drive to pass their tests, not to be a capable driver. If tests were made more difficult, and more emphasis was placed on the responsibilities of driving, the number of deaths on the road would be reduced.— S.K., Mosman, N.S.W.

Top 'pop' sellers

IN many ways the fabulous four from Liverpool represent the English "pop" scene. They started the ball rolling and their popularity has crossed the barriers of language, nationality, and age. The music which launched the Beatles on the road to fame was the Mersey Sound, a pounding, exciting, melodic mixture of excitement and revolt. It brought back rock and roll, tossed out the old "leather jacket" image, and introduced the style and color of a new teenage world. The Beatles are the most adventurous group on the whole "pop" scene and their new psychedelic image with weird lyrics and whining electronics is gaining them even more fans than before. All of the Beatles' early records sold over a million copies each, and their albums are consistent good sellers.— Ella Verhelst, Dapto, N.S.W.

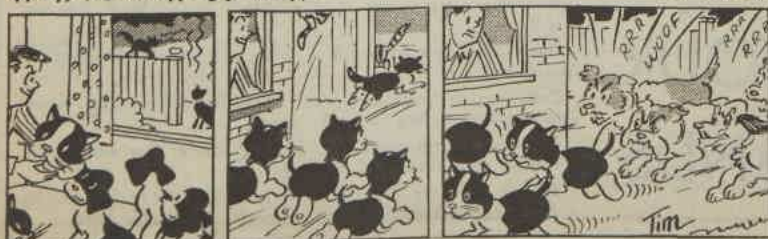
GO-MANGO



FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



'This is the year of the Curl... Darling!'

and with Fashion Quick a Curl can't go wrong!

Fashion Quick is a curl treatment for the hair. Don't say Home Perm, darling. Sounds too...last year! Fashion Quick is easy to use. Neat. Fast (25 minutes!). Gives shape and body to your hair. A bold hold to your set. Fashion Quick wave lotion is lavished with lanolin to keep hair polished with nourishment. The conditioning foam neutralizer is in a ready-to-use squeeze bottle. Easy! No fuss—no frizz—just soft silky curls to toss and tumble!



ONLY \$1.45

ANNE GORDON, Richard Hudnut's Hair Care expert says: "hair that's been treated with Fashion Quick can do anything! Change

style every week! Of course, length and condition of hair is important." For personal advice, write Anne Gordon, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163.

Making Chocolate Crackles is child's play

The hardest part is waiting for them to set
(It's quicker to refrigerate them)



Chocolate Crackles

Even a couple of hours seems ages to a child waiting to eat scrunchy, delicious Chocolate Crackles!

Ingredients:
8 oz. Copha**
8 oz. icing sugar
3 heaped tablespoons
Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa†
1 cup coconut
4 cups Kellogg's* Rice Bubbles‡

Method:
Combine the last four ingredients in a good-sized mixing bowl. Melt Copha gently. Pour onto dry ingredients and mix well. Spoon into paper cake cups and allow to set. Makes 2 dozen
N.B. Standard 8 oz. measuring cup used.

* Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
** World Brands Pty. Ltd. Registered User of Trade Mark.
† Cadbury's Registered Trade Mark.
‡ Registered Trade Mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

ROUND
ROBIN
ADAIR



THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

I SEE that the Port Moresby Local Government Council has decided to limit the prices of native brides and fiancées.

The highest amount a bloke has to pay his bride's father is now \$1000—or the equivalent in stock, grain, or shells.

Engagement payments are now also limited to not more than \$200 — or not more than 20 armshells, \$50 of food, or pigs worth \$30.

You might call much of this sort of marriage arrangement "for barter or for worse."

It certainly alters a few Western conventional attitudes to romance.

Obviously, in Moresby the way to a girl's heart can be through her father's stomach.

And it is a change for rice to be thrown around before the ceremony.

You might also call a young man's romantic life in this area a round of swine, women, and song.

Perhaps the girls think it's a particularly good system — for the reason that they can readily know exactly what's "in store" for them.

I wonder if a bloke would be popular if he gave his bride a wedding ring of 14 carrots!

I must say the whole idea seems loaded against the groom.

If the marriage fails to work out, he can't very well recover the food he's given.

You might say that marital battles there cannot be won on the playing fields of eating.

THE BOYFRIEND



"Hey! Don't kiss her here—go round to the 'Love and Romance' section!"

Beauty in brief

GLAMOR IN YOUR HANDS

YOU'VE got the whole world in your hands — IF your hands are the beauty asset they should be.

Keep them groomed with twice-weekly manicures; massage each finger upward, then wiggle it round and round with the fingers of the other hand. This keeps your hands supple and slender.

And always try to use them gracefully, especially if they are shapely.

Wear gloves for rough work — unless, of course, you're a lady of leisure, and who is?

Today's white hands have to be worked for — by constant hand-lotioning and rubbing in lemon juice.

When your hands are as white as white, a silver pearl nail varnish will make them even more stunning.

If your hands are oh-so small, accent their mini-size by wearing a heavy charm bracelet or big wristwatch on a wide band.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4617. — Loose-fitting dress has cowl neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4567. — High-yoked tent dress has bias skirt. Sizes 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest. Price 55 cents includes postage.



4265. — Misses dress with cut-away armholes is shirred into narrow bias band at neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4519. — Norma Tullo dress with or without pin-tucked front. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4680. — A-line dress with princess seaming. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

2137. — Princess sheath with off-the-neck round contrast collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 53 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

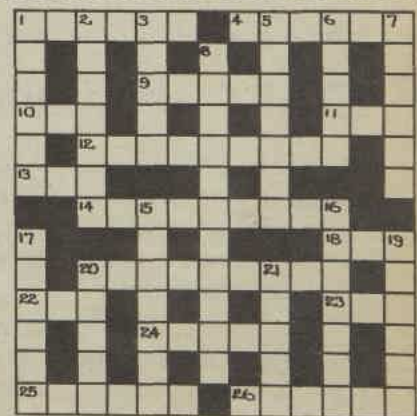
MILLIONS of ships are stopped in the search for the Baboos. But they are far away, about to land on a small planet. READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Remember to remove from office (6).
- Displease, but not on limit (6).
- The doorkeeper puts you and me with the lady (5).
- A vestment for a seaman about fifty (3).
- Drink out of this trophy (3).
- A repast to destroy rapidly (9).
- This animal is an anagram of 18 across (3).
- Reprimand and smooth feathers (5, 4).
- An anagram of 13 across is a poem (3).
- Fabrications about an animal for matters of chance (9).
- Nothing in concerning fish-eggs (3).
- A small child can add up (3).
- Nestrels are in poles (5).
- Fish around the backward Maori for something regarded with irrational reverence (6).
- Some cricket gear for wooden legs (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Keep back a sailor in color (6).
- Hit with a cudgel for a card bed (7).
- Fail to get around you parasitic insect (5).
- A torn bit of cloth in a card game makes a confused mass (7).
- Build with letters from Crete (5).
- This is a disease (6).
- Will the bard brandish a weapon ending in a point of the compass (11).
- Makes larger (7).
- A quack medicine makes a number play unskillfully (7).
- Thanks to an African for a list of charges (6).
- Disguised resent, but comes in (6).
- Allow around like the smallest (5).
- A piece let in a clique under in (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



"Would you believe it.....
Only yesterday I was coughing my head off!"

"All day long it was cough... cough... cough! I just dreaded the thought of night coming on. So, I had a talk to my family chemist and he suggested I try Nyal 'Decongestant'."

Your own family chemist will tell you that Nyal 'Decongestant' is a prescription-standard cough elixir that gives **real** relief from coughing. It contains medicaments which, by law, can be sold only

by chemists. That's just one reason why it's so effective.

'Decongestant' loosens the congestion that causes irritating coughing; helps clear bronchial tubes so that you can breathe easily; soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest. At night you'll get restful sleep, undisturbed by constant coughing.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

6 fl oz 78c • 12 fl oz \$1.35 • 16 fl oz \$1.74



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Page 60

(plus 16-page lift-out)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 3, 1968

In this issue: Special clothes for a cruise holiday — days on deck, romantic nights at sea, and going ashore

The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News



Grand-occasion gown near a deep blue sea under a brilliant moon. In stark linen, the Empire line is accented with green-and-gold braiding that continues down on one side and has four green-and-gold crystal buttons. Available in range of sizes. About \$40. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.) Details of other fashions on pages 2, 3, 4, and 5.

For SHIP AND SHORE

GOING ABOARD At right: On the gangway, seagoing coat and coattress with double-breasted button effects. Plain aqua wool, left, XXSSW-SW in two shades of pink, yellow also. By Maryland. About \$28. (All Big W Stores.) Bonded-knit fabric, boldly striped in black and white, has squared neck. By Jet Set. XXSSW-SW. About \$16. (Big W Peekaboutique Shop, Chatswood.)



DECK GAMES Deck winner for chilly days. Terylene and wool jersey check slacks, XXSSW-W. In various colors. About \$9. Crew-neck wool sweater with long, belted look, SSW-OS, also in range of colors. About \$10. (Grace Bras., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands Sportswear and Knitwear Depts.)



DECK CASUALS At left: For strolling on deck, leather-look jacket in black, brown, maroon (on left), from SSW. About \$14. Cardigan in pastel shades, SSW-OS. About \$5.99. (All Big W Stores.) Check wool skirt in earth color, XXSSW-W. About \$7. (Big W, Chatswood.) Long-haired fun fur coat in green, brown, XXSSW-SW. About \$20. London check slacks in color range. XXSSW-SW. About \$11. (All Big W Stores.)



POOLSIDE GLAMOR

Swimsuit in black-and-white cotton with jacket that reverses. Orange and blue also. 32-36in. \$17.50. (David Jones' Swimsuits, 3rd floor.)

SEA OR SHORE Below: Identical stripe cotton dress and culotte with gilt buttons. 8-14. \$35 each. (Available from David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)



GOING ASHORE Shore-going outfits in American dotty cotton. Snappy suit (left) has gathered skirt, side-button jacket. About \$36. High-neck pantdress is split at back. About \$25. Sizes 8-14. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

SPORTS GEAR At left: Bri-nylon denim jeans, navy, sky, duck, 24-32in. About \$8. Crew-neck lambswool pull-over, SW-OS, in color range. \$6.50. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands Sportswear and Knitwear Depts.)

● All pictures of cruise fashions were taken on board Matsun Monterey, P & O Iberia, British India Waroonga.

FOR NIGHTS AT SEA



FIRST NIGHT ON BOARD Soft-knit dress of imported acrylic fibre such as the style above is ideal. The sleeves are widish, the neck slightly crew. Available in pink, blue, gold. XSSW-W. About \$12.99. (All Big W Stores.)



COCKTAILS AND DINNER Cocktail-cum-dinner dress, left, in silk rayon and lurex. In black/silver, brown/gold. XSSW-W. About \$35. (Grace Bros., Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Fashion Depts.)

SHIPBOARD PARTY Party spirit personified in high-waisted spotted aqua chiffon dress. About \$42. Paisley jersey culotte has soft, glowing finish. About \$32. Both in size range. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



CAPTAIN'S DINNER Top glamor in sparkling beaded top (sizes 36-40in., about \$18) in pink, blue, white, black. Velvet hostess skirt in a range of fashion colors, sizes XXSW-XW. About \$19.50. (Grace Bros., Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Fashion Depts.)



AFTER-SIX At right: Music in the ballroom sets the scene for pastel blue (or pink) organza style with tiered lace top. XXSW-55W. \$21.99. (All Big W Stores.) Frilled black - and - white organza dress. XXSSW-SW. \$20. (Big W Peekaboutique Shops, Chatswood, Liverpool, Bankstown.)



CABIN PARTY At left: Frilled and fancy for party-time. Pretty organdie blouse with black pique skirt. About \$56. Jabot blouse with finely pleated white organdie skirt. About \$60. Sizes 12-16. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

ENCHANTED EVENINGS

At right: For any enchanted evening — chantilly lace frilly, high-waisted, with long sleeves and scallop finish. In range of sizes. About \$75. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)





What people are wearing OVERSEAS

Above: Frank Sinatra and co-star Jacqueline Bisset arriving at the Forum Theatre on Broadway for the world premiere of "The Detective." Sinatra wears a turtle-necked evening shirt and jewelled pendant with his dinner suit, and Miss Bisset a flowing gown of white crepe.

Mrs. Cortright Wetherell, left, and Mrs. Charles Hollerith look over the racing program at the clubhouse ball at Belmont Park (U.S.A.). Mrs. Wetherell wears a brocade gown and Mrs. Hollerith white organza embroidered with outsize black-and-white daisies.



No matter how you look at her, back or front, French sex kitten Brigitte Bardot shopping in Rome looks striking in leather pants and jerkin with a floral silk blouse. She and her husband, Gunther Sachs, were holidaying at their villa, 25 miles from Rome.



At left: Actor Michael Callan after he made actress Patricia Harty his real-life wife (they star in the TV series "Occasional Wife") in Beverly Hills, California. The groom followed the Bonnie-and-Clyde fashion trend; the bride the young romantic look. They planned a honeymoon in Hawaii.



At right: Mr. Jeremy Thorpe with his bride, Miss Caroline Allpass, after their wedding in Lambeth Palace, London. The bride wore traditional white satin with a coat of white organza. In place of a veil she chose a headpiece of fresh flowers. Mr. Thorpe is leader of the Liberal Party.



Above: Newly appointed American Ambassador to Australia, Mr. William H. Crook, and his wife at a State dinner in Washington in honor of Australia's Prime Minister, Mr. Gorton. Mrs. Crook wore a slim-fitting white dinner dress with a lace top.

At right: American actress Carol Channing, in London to collect a film award for her contribution to "Thoroughly Modern Millie," wore a startling gangster-type slacksuit of black and white stripes with a white shirt, black tie, and diamond-paste tiepin.



OUR BUDGET BUYS

of the week

At left, Military-style wool coat with double-breasted brass buttons has half-belt and kick pleat at back. In camel, blue, navy, red, black, tan. XXSSW-W. \$20. (Katie's Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Bankstown, Parramatta, Wollongong, Canberra.)

Two chic and useful dresses in fashionable wool check and a dashing military-style coat are this week's special offers from the stores to our readers. Stocks are being held, so make your choice quickly.



Two smart dresses in contrast wool checks. The brown-and-bone style, at left, with little stand-up collar is slightly A-line, has a large inverted pleat and zip at front. Classic shirt design, at right, with Peter Pan collar comes in grey and off-white checks and six other fashion colors. Both dresses in sizes XSSW½-XW½. \$14. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands Proportionate Fitting Depts.)



THE WORLD'S 21 BEST CAKES

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY
Presents . . .

From our Leila Howard
Test Kitchen

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 3, 1968

THE WORLD'S 21 BEST CAKES — Page 1

In this booklet we give a selection of 21 beautiful cakes, ranging from simple and economical lunch-box cakes to delicious tortes for dessert.

Provided the directions are followed,

each cake will always turn out perfectly.

Perhaps a cake you baked did not turn out as well as expected. There is a reason for this. As a guide we have prepared a chart to help pinpoint what went wrong.

FAULT-CHART FOR CAKES—what went wrong?

PLAIN BUTTER CAKES

★ Cake is coarse-textured:

Insufficient creaming of butter and sugar.
Oven not hot enough.
Too much raising agent.
Insufficient liquid, or insufficient mixing when adding liquid.

★ Cake is heavy:

Oven not hot enough.
Too much flour, or shortening, or liquid.
Overmixing.

★ Cake has moist, sticky crust:

Too much sugar.
Insufficient beating to dissolve sugar.

★ Cake is uneven in texture, with holes in cake:

Heavy-handed when folding in flour.
Insufficient mixing; the flour not evenly distributed.
Mixture was put in tin in small quantities. (Do not put spoonfuls of mixture into tin; put in as large a quantity as possible. Small quantities trap air bubbles, which result in holes in the finished cake.)

★ Cake falls in centre:

Too much raising agent, or shortening, or sugar.
Oven not hot enough.
Oven door opened too soon and/or cake move during baking.
Insufficient baking.

FRUIT CAKES

★ Cake dry in texture:

Not enough liquid, or shortening, or sugar.
Cake baked too long.
Too much raising agent.

★ Hard crust outside, with damp, uncooked centre:

Too much liquid.
Oven too hot.

★ Cake sank in middle:

Too much raising agent.
Fruit not thoroughly dried.
Cake moved in oven too soon, before mixture has set.
Sometimes oven too hot.

★ Excessive cracking across top:

Tin too small.
Oven too hot.
Too much raising agent.
Incorrect quantity of liquid.

★ Cake insufficiently risen:

Tin too big for quantity of mixture.
Not enough liquid.
Oven too cool.
Mixture not creamed sufficiently.

★ Cake crumbles when cut:

Not enough egg to bind ingredients in rich cakes; not enough liquid in plainer cakes.
Too much raising agent.

SPONGE CAKES

★ Cake is coarse- or heavy-textured:

Insufficient beating of eggs, or eggs and sugar.
Insufficient blending of ingredients, or heavy-handed when blending ingredients.
Too much flour.
Incorrect oven temperature.

★ Cake has sticky crust on top:

Too much sugar.
Insufficient beating.
Insufficient baking.

★ Cakes undersized, not risen sufficiently:

Insufficient beating of eggs and sugar.
Over-mixed.
Incorrect oven temperature.
Insufficient cooking.
Cakes removed too soon from tins.
Tins greased too generously on sides.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in recipes in this cake booklet.

SPONGE CAKES

CHOCOLATE ROLL

So rich, but light as a feather.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream |
| 1 cup castor sugar | vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. dark cooking chocolate | 3 dessertspoons icing sugar |
| 3 dessertspoons water | 1 tablespoon cocoa and little extra cocoa |

Separate eggs. Beat yolks and sugar until very pale and fluffy. Melt chopped chocolate with water, stirring with a wooden spoon till chocolate has melted. Cool. Mix gently through the egg-yolk mixture. Beat egg-whites till soft peaks form. Do not overbeat. Fold the chocolate mixture into the egg-white mixture very carefully until evenly distributed.

Grease and line with greased paper a 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. swiss-roll tin. Carefully spoon in the mixture, spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven 17 minutes. Remove from oven, cover cake with 2 layers of paper towelling rung out in cold water and 1 layer of dry paper towelling. Chill for 20 minutes.

Peel off paper towels carefully. Loosen cake along the long sides, using a sharp knife. Dust top with sifted cocoa. Carefully tip out on to greased paper. Remove lining paper. Spread cake with cream mixture, roll up, and dust with extra cocoa.

Cream Mixture: Whip cold cream till thick. Beat in vanilla and icing sugar.



SPONGE CAKES

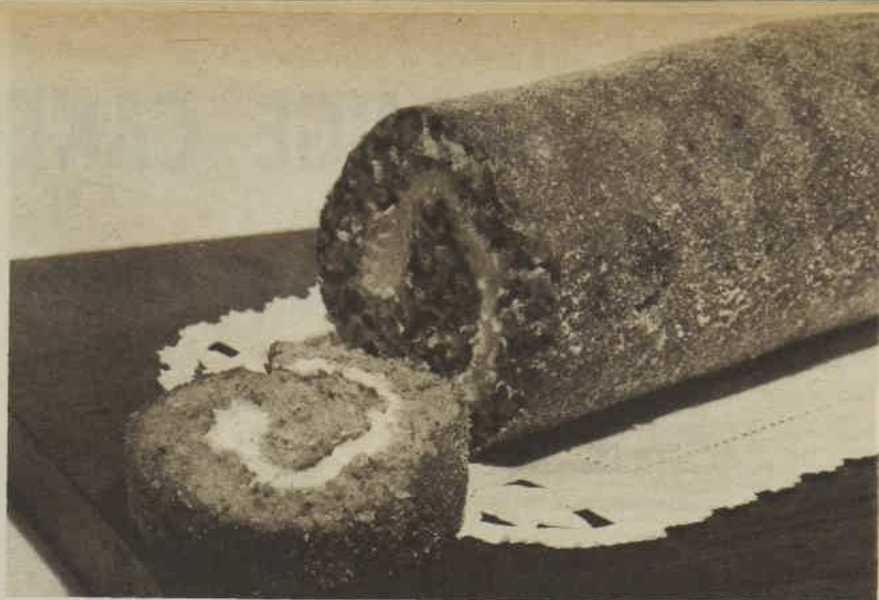
HONEY ROLL

Honey Roll with a touch of spice.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar | 1 dessertspoon hot water |
| 2 tablespoons honey | whipped cream |
| 1 cup plain flour | extra castor sugar |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon | |

Beat eggs 3 minutes, or until light in color. Gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Add honey, beat until mixture resembles thick cream. Add bicarbonate of soda dissolved in hot water. Lightly fold in sifted flour and cinnamon. Fill into greased-paper-lined 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Turn out on to teatowel and piece of greaseproof paper sprinkled with extra castor sugar. Peel off lining paper, quickly trim cake edges. Fold end of paper over cake. Lift up teatowel, gently roll it away from you toward other end of cake. Leave cake covered by teatowel until cold. Unroll cake, spread with whipped cream. Reroll carefully with hands.



GINGER FLUFF SPONGE

Cocoa and ginger combine in this Ginger Fluff Sponge.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 eggs | 2 teaspoons ginger |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar | 2 teaspoons cocoa |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup arrowroot | 2 teaspoons cream of tartar |
| 2 tablespoons plain flour | 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon | 1 dessertspoon golden syrup |

Separate eggs. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually beat in sugar, beating until sugar has thoroughly dissolved. Beat in egg-yolks until evenly mixed. Sift dry ingredients. Sift on to egg mixture, fold in gently. Pour in warmed golden syrup, fold through gently. Pour into 2 greased deep 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out immediately on to cake cooler. When cold, sandwich with whipped cream. Dust top with icing sugar.

For lacy effect, as in picture, place paper doily over top of cake. Sift icing sugar over the decorative design. Lift doily off carefully so that icing sugar design does not smudge.





WITH CITRUS FLAVOR

ORANGE LOAF

Orange Loaf (left) is ideal for school lunches.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	1 dessertspoon grated orange rind
4-6 tablespoons milk (depending on size of eggs)	2 eggs
4oz. butter	2 cups self-raising flour

Dissolve sugar in 2 tablespoons milk in a small mixing bowl. Add butter and orange rind, cream well. Add beaten eggs a little at a time. Sift flour, fold in alternately with remaining milk. Spoon mixture into greased and lined 9in. by 5in. loaf tin. Bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes.

LEMON CAKE

Lemon Cake with a sugar and lemon juice glaze.

4oz. butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 cup castor sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
2 eggs	rind and juice 1 lemon
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour	extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	

Cream butter well, add sugar; beat well. Add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Sift flour and salt, add to butter mixture alternately with milk. Mix in finely chopped nuts and lemon rind. Pour into greased 9in. by 5in. loaf tin, bake in a moderate oven 60 to 65 minutes.

Mix lemon juice with extra castor sugar over gentle heat, stirring occasionally till sugar dissolves. When the cake is cooked and hot from the oven, pour the lemon juice mixture over. Leave cake in tin to cool.



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THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

WITH GINGER FLAVOR



GINGER CAKE

Sliced crystallised ginger decorates this Ginger Cake.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4oz. butter | 2 dessertspoons milk |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar | 1 teaspoon ground ginger |
| 2 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour | 4oz. preserved ginger |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour | |

Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Gradually add beaten eggs. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Lastly fold in finely chopped ginger. Spoon into greased and lined 4in. by 8in. loaf tin. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 45 minutes or until a skewer, when inserted, comes out clean. When cold, ice with lemon icing and decorate, if desired, with sliced crystallised ginger.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD

Old-fashioned Gingerbread iced with lemon icing.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4oz. butter | 2 cups plain flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup treacle | 1 teaspoon mixed spice |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup | 1 tablespoon ground ginger |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk | 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda |
| 2 eggs | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |

Place butter, treacle, golden syrup, and milk into a saucepan. Heat gently until the butter melts and ingredients are blended; cool. Beat eggs well and add the butter mixture. Sift dry ingredients into a basin, and gradually stir in the liquids, mixing till smooth. Pour into greased 8in. square tin. Bake in a slow oven for approximately 1 hour or until a skewer, when inserted, comes out clean. When cold, ice with lemon icing.



LOVELY DESSERT TORTES



CHOCOLATE HAZELNUT TORTE

Layers of meringue are the basis of this luscious cake.

MERINGUE

4 egg-whites	3 dessertspoons
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	melted butter
2oz. ground hazelnuts	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup plain flour

RUM CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream	1 tablespoon sugar
1 dessertspoon rum	1 teaspoon instant coffee
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla	

CHOCOLATE CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream	2 tablespoons cocoa
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla	

With pencil, mark five $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 8in. rectangles on scone trays (you'll need three scone trays). Grease and dust with flour. Beat egg-whites till stiff, gradually beat in the sugar, beat till dissolved; this is important! The mixture should be of good meringue consistency.

Carefully fold in the nuts, butter, and sifted flour. Divide evenly between the trays, spreading to fit the rectangles. Bake in a moderately slow oven 30 minutes. Remove carefully from the trays immediately; use an egg slice for this so the wafers will not break. Allow to cool on wire racks on greased paper.

Rum Cream: Whip all ingredients together till thick. Sandwich the meringue layers together with rum cream. Refrigerate.

Chocolate Cream: Mix together all ingredients, cover, refrigerate 1 hour. Then whip together till thick, cover top and sides of torte decoratively. Decorate, if desired, with whole hazelnuts. Refrigerate cake several hours.



STRAWBERRY HAZELNUT TORTE

Hazelnuts, meringue, chocolate, strawberries, and cream make this torte.

4 egg-whites
pinch salt
1½ cups castor sugar
4½oz. ground hazelnuts

1 teaspoon vinegar
few drops vanilla
2 tablespoons black coffee

FILLING

1 punnet strawberries
1 pint whipped cream

6oz. chocolate
3 tablespoons water

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff; gradually add sugar; beat until mixture is meringue consistency. Fold in remaining ingredients. Spread in 2 greased and floured 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 minutes. Cool. Place a layer of meringue on serving plate. Spread with thin layer of chocolate melted with the water. Spread ½in. layer of cream over chocolate. Top with layer of sliced strawberries. Place second layer of meringue on strawberry layer, spread with remaining chocolate mixture. Cover sides and top with remaining cream. Refrigerate overnight. Serve decorated with strawberries.

MOIST FRUIT LOAVES



APPLE FRUIT LOAF

Cocoa and cinnamon combine with fruit in this Apple Fruit Loaf.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4 small cooking apples | 2 teaspoons cocoa |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg |
| 2oz. butter | $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour |
| 1 cup sugar | 2oz. chopped walnuts |
| 2 teaspoons bicarb. soda | 8oz. chopped raisins |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon | 8oz. chopped dates |

Wash and slice apples. Cook in the water till soft. Push through a sieve. While still hot, add butter and sugar, stirring until butter has melted. While still warm add the bicarbonate of soda, raisins, dates, and walnuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Spoon mixture into greased 9in. by 5in. loaf tin. Bake in a moderately slow oven 1 hour 30 minutes, or until cake is done when tested with a skewer.



MOIST DATE AND WALNUT LOAF

Date and Walnut Loaf, rich with spice, nuts, and fruit.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup self-raising flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarb. soda | 1oz. butter |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon | $2\frac{1}{3}$ cup water |

Sift flour, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, and cinnamon into a basin. Add the chopped dates and walnuts, mix well. Heat butter and water in a saucepan until water just comes to the boil. Make a well in the centre of the dry ingredients. Add the hot liquid and mix thoroughly. Spoon into greased deep 10in. by 3in. bar tin, bake in a moderate oven approximately 40 minutes.



CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH SOUR CREAM FROSTING

Dark chocolate and sour cream are combined in this unusual frosting.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 4lb. dark sweet chocolate | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 4oz. butter | 1 cup plain flour |
| 1 cup castor sugar | 1 teaspoon baking powder |
| 5 eggs, separated | |

SOUR CREAM FROSTING

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------|
| 6oz. dark sweet chocolate | pinch salt |
| ½ cup sour cream | |

Melt chopped chocolate over boiling water. Stir in butter and sugar, stir till butter has melted. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Stir in vanilla. Stir in flour sifted with baking powder. Beat egg-whites till stiff. Fold into chocolate mixture. Pour mixture into greased and lined 8in. springform pan. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Cool. Cut cake into 3 layers. Sandwich with thin layers of frosting. Cover sides and top with remaining frosting.

Sour Cream Frosting: Melt chopped chocolate over hot water. Remove from heat; stir in sour cream and salt. Beat over ice until a spreading consistency.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 3, 1968

CHOCOLATE CAKES

CHOCOLATE LOAF

Nuts and glace cherries top this rich Chocolate Loaf.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 4oz. butter | 1½ cups self-raising flour |
| ½ cup castor sugar | 2½ tablespoons cornflour |
| 2 tablespoons sifted cocoa | ½ pint milk |
| 2 eggs | |

Cream butter, gradually beat in sugar and cocoa; beat well. Add beaten eggs little at a time, beat well. Stir in sifted flours alternately with milk. Spoon mixture into greased and lined 9in. by 5in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Ice with chocolate icing, if liked; decorate with some halved walnuts and glace cherries.



THE WORLD'S 21 BEST CAKES — Page 11

SMALL LOAF CAKES

CHERRY CAKE

Cherry Cake (below) is popular with children.

4oz. butter	4oz. finely chopped
1 cup plain flour	cherries
2 eggs	1 tablespoon cornflour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder

Cream butter, gradually beat in sifted flour, and beat well. Beat the eggs, gradually add the sugar and beat till the sugar has dissolved. Gradually add to butter mixture. Stir in the cherries mixed with the sifted cornflour and baking powder. Spoon into greased and lined 8in. by 4in. loaf tin, bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.



SULTANA LOAF

A Sultana Loaf (above) you can make in minutes.

2oz. butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons castor sugar	few drops vanilla
1 cup self-raising flour	4oz. sultanas
1 egg	

Cream butter well, add sugar, and beat until light and fluffy. Sift flour; add with remaining ingredients, except sultanas, to creamed mixture, blend on low speed of mixer till smooth; increase speed and mix three minutes. Fold in sultanas. Spoon mixture into greased, deep, 3in. by 10in. bar tin, bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes or until cooked, when a skewer, inserted in centre of cake, comes out clean.

FRUIT CAKES

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CAKE

Moist Pineapple Fruit Cake has canned pineapple in it.

1 cup sugar	4oz. butter
15oz. can crushed pineapple	1 cup plain flour
1lb. mixed fruit	1 cup self-raising flour
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda	2 eggs
1 teaspoon mixed spice	

Place sugar, contents of can of pineapple, chopped mixed fruit, bicarbonate of soda, spice, and butter in saucepan. Bring to boil; boil 3 minutes; remove from heat, cool completely.

Sift flours together, mix into cold fruit mixture with well-beaten eggs. Place mixture in greased and lined 8in. cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1½ hours, reduce heat to moderately slow, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until a skewer, inserted, comes out clean.

DUNDEE CAKE

Almond-studded Dundee Cake, a popular old favorite.

2 cups plain flour	3oz. currants
pinch salt	3oz. sultanas
6oz. butter	3oz. stoned dates
½ cup castor sugar	1½oz. cherries
grated rind ½ lemon	1½oz. peel
3 eggs and	almonds for decoration
1 extra egg-yolk	

Sift together flour and salt. Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind till light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and extra yolk one at a time, adding 1 dessertspoon flour mixture with each addition to prevent curdling. Carefully stir in remaining flour, fruit, cherries, and peel. Put into deep greased 7in. tin, smooth top, and arrange almonds round edge. Bake in slow oven for 2½ to 2¾ hours.

DELICIOUS SHORTCAKES



PEACH SHORTCAKE

Lacy pattern in icing sugar gives professional touch to this Peach Shortcake

8oz. butter	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint very thick custard
few drops vanilla	1lb. can sliced peaches
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour	1 tablespoon extra sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour	vanilla or almond essence

Cream butter, castor sugar, and vanilla. Gradually add beaten eggs. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and baking powder. Place in 2 greased 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to a cake cooler. When cold, sandwich together with custard, well-drained peaches, and cream which has been whipped with extra sugar and essence. Sprinkle icing sugar on top. (See Ginger Fluff Sponge page 4.)



LEMON SHORTCAKE

Almond-studded Lemon Shortcake, popular with all.

4oz. butter	1 cup self-raising flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	pinch salt
1 egg	20 almonds for decoration
1 cup plain flour	

LEMON BUTTER FILLING

2oz. butter	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar	rind and juice of 1 lemon

Sift flours and salt. Cream butter and sugar. Mix in egg. Add flour little at a time, working mixture to soft dough. Refrigerate 30 minutes. Divide in half. Roll out; press half into greased 8in. sandwich tin. Spread with filling. Place second half over lemon layer. Brush lightly with milk, arrange almonds round edge. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 minutes. Cool in tin.

Lemon Butter Filling: Mix butter and sugar in top of double boiler, add beaten egg, finely grated rind and juice of lemon. Cook, stirring, over boiling water until mixture thickens. Cool.

WITH FRESH FRUIT

BANANA CAKE

Caramel Icing tops this luscious Banana Cake.

4oz. butter	1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 tablespoon milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour
2 eggs, beaten	whipped cream
3 bananas	

CARAMEL ICING

2 cups brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2oz. butter	

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla. Gradually beat in eggs. Add mashed bananas. Add bicarbonate of soda to milk. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Bake in 2 greased and floured deep 7in. cake tins in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, sandwich with whipped cream. Ice with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing: Bring all ingredients to boil, stirring. Boil 5 minutes (do not stir). Remove from heat, beat until thick.

SPICED APPLE CAKE

An unusual combination of apples, cream cheese, and rum.

PASTRY

6oz. butter	1 dessertspoon water
1-3rd cup sugar	grated rind 1 lemon
1 egg-yolk	2 cups plain flour

CHEESE FILLING

2 4oz. packets cream cheese	2 eggs
1-3rd cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla

APPLE FILLING

4 large apples	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins	2 tablespoons sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum	

Pastry: Cream butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk, water, and rind. Work in sifted flour to form soft dough. Press out flat, chill for 1 hour. Roll out three-quarters chilled pastry; line 8in. springform pan. Freeze rest of pastry. Spread half cream cheese mixture over base of pastry, spoon in apple filling, pour over rest of cheese mixture. Press mixture down firmly; grate remaining frozen pastry over top. Bake in moderately slow oven for 2 hours.

Cheese Filling: Beat cheese until soft; add sugar, beat till light and fluffy. Add eggs and vanilla. Beat till smooth.

Apple Filling: Peel and core apples, slice thinly. Mix with remaining apple filling ingredients.



The golden rule in cooking: Butter is naturally better.

Nothing quite brings out the subtle flavour of foods like butter. Only the natural goodness of pure dairy butter can make food as flavoursome, tender and digestible as it should be. Butter's matchless flavour makes grills and fish, vegetables and sweets, cakes and biscuits the best your family will ever taste. And they need butter's natural goodness, too. Would you give them less?

**DAIRY FOODS
BUTTER**

**BUTTER — the health food
only Nature can provide.**

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition
by the AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD.